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Henry P. Davison The Record of a Useful Life **By Thomas W. Lamont**

April 15, 1933

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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APRIL 15, 1933

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It saved me money last year

"May I drain that winter-worn oil?" That's the timely question Texaco Dealers are asking motorists everywhere. They are thinking of your car. They know the results *of driving with the wrong grade of oil!*

The wrong grade of motor oil is responsible for a great deal of motor wear. Delicately fitted engine parts come into contact at a terrific speed. They must have a tough, full-bodied oil to cushion the impact and reduce friction—mile after mile!

SAY "YES" when the Texaco man asks to drain your crankcase. Fill with the right grade of Crack-proof Texaco Motor Oil! It stands up under extreme pressure. It holds its "oiliness" at highest engine heat. Don't "guess" about the oil in your crankcase. SAY "YES"!

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then LISTEN

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Tune in on Ed Wynn, the Fire-Chief, Tuesday Nights, Coast-to-Coast, N.B.C.

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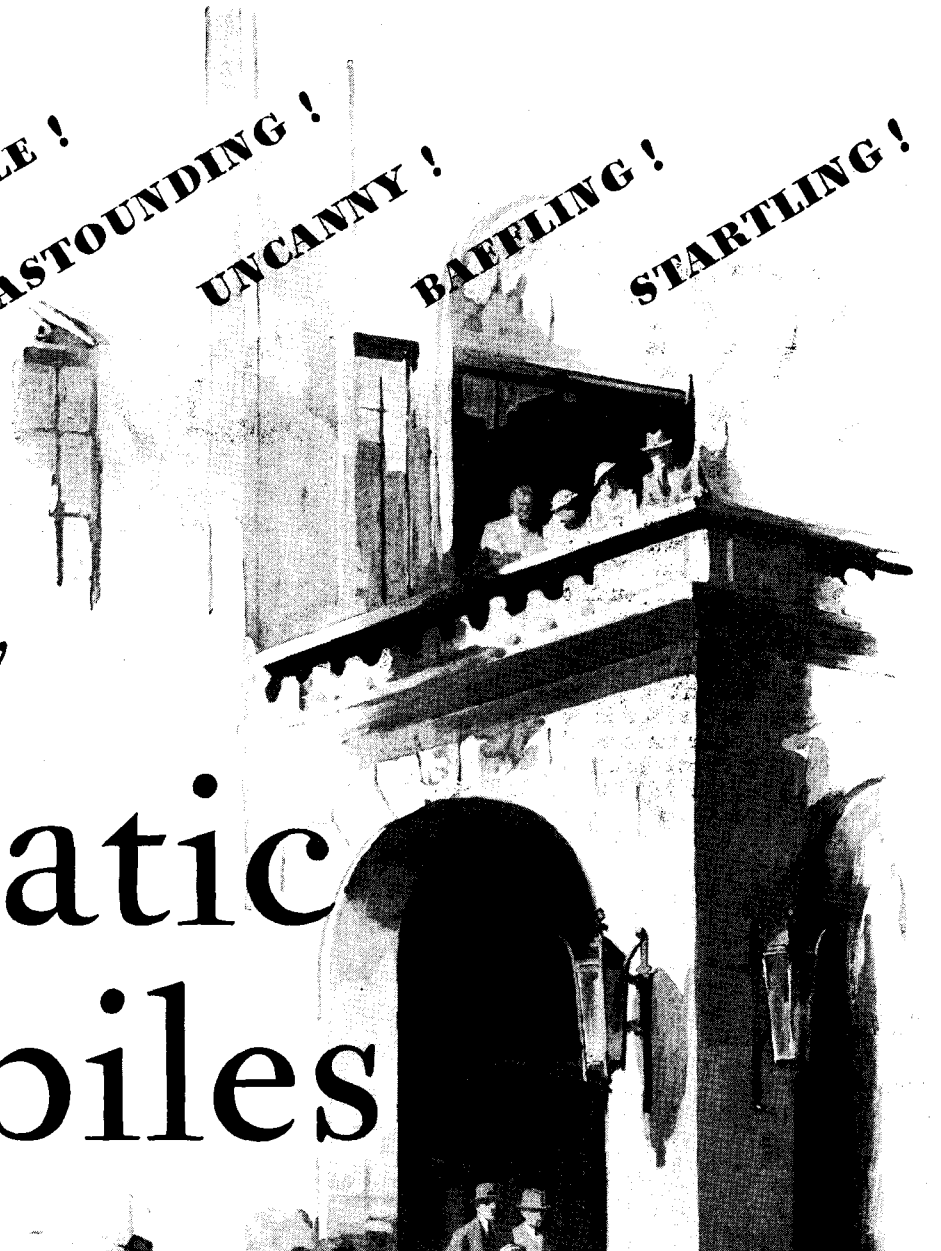
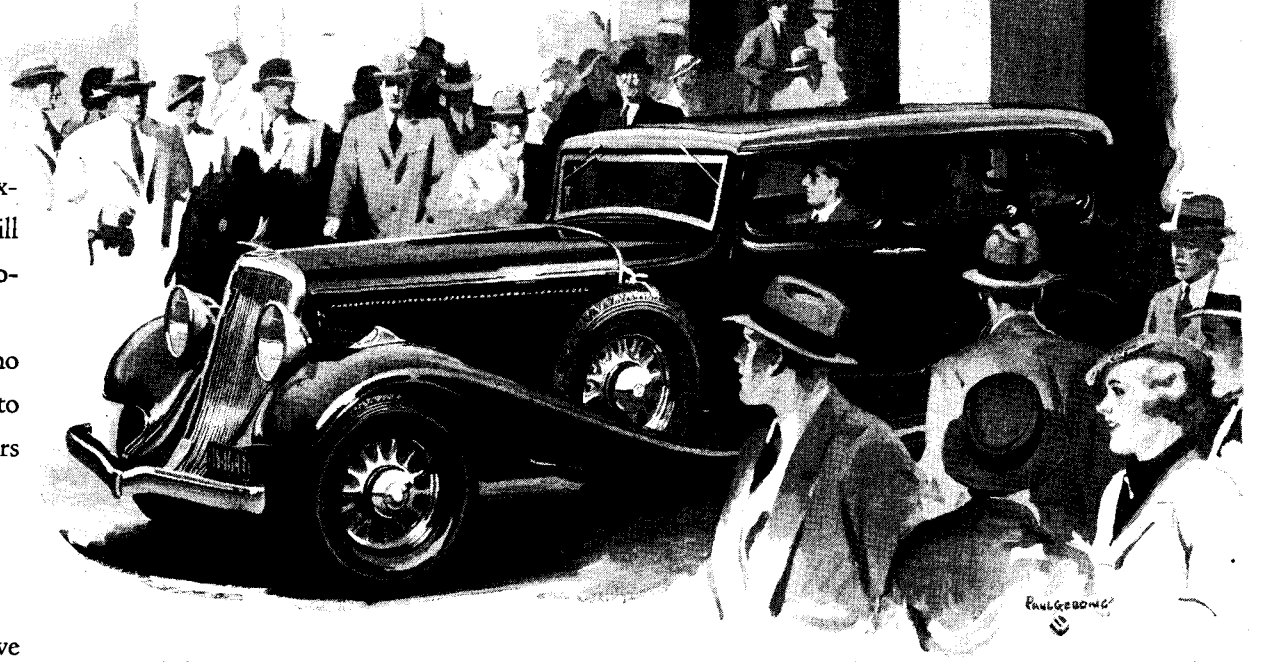


America can't find enough words to describe these new

Automatic Automobiles



SEASONED motorists say they never had expected to experience anything like the thrill they've known in driving these amazing new automatic Studebakers.

They say that no other cars in existence — no matter how new — can offer anything comparable to the startling simplicity that Studebaker engineers have given these "automatic automobiles."

They're the world's first cars with 12 "mechanical brains"

You find that these automatic Studebakers leave you scarcely anything to do but steer. One thing after another that requires physical effort in other cars is *automatically done for you!*

What is happening, of course, is that Studebaker's 12 uncanny "mechanical brains" are always infallibly and alertly at work — automatically "*thinking*" for you as well as *acting* for you — automatically relieving you of most of the work and worry of driving.

You start with one simple switch of a key. Regardless of weather, you can forget all about your spark, your carburetor and your choke. And should you stall the engine, it immediately and automatically *starts itself* again.

You bring these new Studebakers smoothly, surely, to a stop at the touch of your toe tip—thanks to Power Brakes, the greatest engineering achievement of the year. And the ruttiest roads are automatically smoothed for you by an incredibly sensitive device that instantly adjusts shock absorber action to every driving condition.

Indeed, you may half imagine you're living ten years ahead when you drive one of these automatic Studebakers the first time. You realize that Studebaker is giving you *today* the simplified motoring of the future!

$840 AND UP, F.O.B. FACTORY

STUDEBAKER

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS . . . PIONEER OF FREE WHEELING

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WANT to swap? It's becoming a sort of national pastime. Almost anything can be turned into almost anything else—if you have enough skill and patience. What's more, bartering is being regulated. It's a makeshift, of course, but farmers, doctors, artists, artisans and even manufacturers are finding it useful. Here's a very large lithograph of Abraham Lincoln, and a sway-backed horse that I'll trade for a motorcycle, "Or What Have You?" Walter Davenport initiates you into the mysteries of barter.

SNIT is a kind of pie. It's made of sliced apples and hasn't any top crust. It has enough sugar in it to draw flies, but after the second bite you're willing to overlook the flies and anything else. Strikes in the coal mines have been settled by snit, and at least one epic battle was fought because of it.

We put you in possession of this information so that you will be able to understand the irresistible charm of Miss Birdie Stipp—a charm that made Dowdy Swisher forgive Birdie's old man for calling crepples scrapple.

Dowdy had a chest thicker than nine dollars' worth of lettuce and he hated women because, he said, they smelled like oatmeal. But he had one weakness — snit. "Soft Coal," by Grover Jones, is the convulsing story of this romance.

WHEN Jean Payne got tired of motoring all over the state of Illinois looking for the Gregorys' house she resolved to try will power. "The next house will be the Gregorys'," she decided. "It *will*."

It turned out to be a white house set back from the road in a grove of maples. "Why, it's lovely," Jean thought as she drove in. "So much nicer than last time I saw it when it was gray stone sitting right on top of a hill with no trees near it! Aren't the Gregorys clever!"

It wasn't the Gregorys' house, of course, but Jean refused to admit a mistake. She felt it her duty to stay and do something about the owner, who appeared to be engaged to the wrong girl. She did just that, as Kay Kennedy shows you in "Welcome, Stranger."

THOMAS W. LAMONT continues his intimate account of the life of Henry P. Davison. Helena Clayton writes the Short Short Story. John B. Kennedy describes the dangers of being "Always Right" as experienced by Umpire Klem—who, of course, always is. Seymour Winslow, Don Marquis, Freling Foster and others furnish incidental accompaniment. Arthur Somers Roche and Alan LeMay keep up the fast pace of the serials. You'll have to be on your toes.

This Week

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THOMAS W. LAMONT
Henry P. Davison. **Beginning the life story of one great banker by another. Page 7**

HAROLD LAMB
Where Love Comes First. **The place is full of surprises, of course. Page 10**

CHARLEY PADDOCK
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FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
A Perfect Gentleman. **A sailor, but by no means an ordinary sailor. Page 13**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Between Friends, **by Colette. Page 15**

ALAN LeMAY
Cold Trails, Part VII. **Old Man Coffee listens to gossip—coyotes' gossip. Page 16**

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BRASSIL FITZGERALD
Meeting in April. **The romance of a rich man's daughter. Page 18**

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CLINTON W. GILBERT
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FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **The crux of various matters. Page 29**

EDITORIAL
What's World Trade Worth to You? **Page 50**

●

Any Week

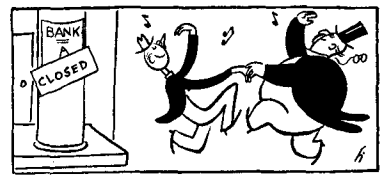
"AND my claim to distinction," writes Mr. Foster Gruber of Walla Walla, Washington, "is that I am the Democrat who hasn't applied for a job under the new Administration."

HAVING given the situation a thorough examination, Mr. R. S. Henderson of Lynchburg, Virginia, objects to the recognition of Russia. It would, he declares, merely "permit us to acquire more, bigger and better uncollectable foreign debts."

A TELEGRAM, no less, from Mr. Angelo J. Rossi, Mayor of San Francisco, inspired by our editorial "Can You Take It?" "It is," wires Mayor Rossi, "a stimulant to our civic consciousness and a challenge to each one of us to continue our vigilance that such a healthful civic condition may continue to prevail in the city by the Golden Gate."

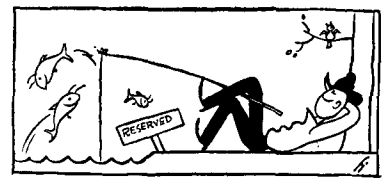
BUT Dr. Daniel J. Collins of Shanghai, China, isn't so pleased by what he read in our article on the Canadian sales tax. It just happens that, when speaking of those who are not regarded by Canada as manufacturers, we cited tinsmiths, druggists, blacksmiths, opticians, dentists and plumbers. You can see his point of view. But he hopes that our dentist hasn't read it or at least doesn't remember it.

RECENTLY Mr. Wynn Dowse of Lawrenceburg, Tennessee, told us that where he came from the bank was closed. "I don't guess it's ever going to open again," he said cheerfully. "And that suits us fine. While that bank was open we were so worried about it losing our money and it was so worried about getting what we owed it that we didn't have time for anything else. No, sir, as long as they keep that bank shut we can face the future with an open mind."



MR. BERNARD SAMUELSON of Superior, Wisconsin, has never read a story written by a woman, thereby "saving myself a lot of agony." And he has "always been a bit cautious about reading stories by authors who have three-word names and boldly write them out in full. "What," he demands, "would the world have been today if it had not been for our two-word-name people such as Julius Cæsar, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin and Damon Runyon?"

THANKS to Mr. E. Roy Taylor of Meridian, Mississippi, we have a place reserved for us on the banks of the Sowashie Creek. Now let the worst come. "Unemployment," writes he, "has been solved here. Our famous Sowashie catfish are biting everything within reach. Worms are plentiful. The R. F. C. has cleaned up the banks of the Sowashie so that either side of the creek is a good place. We've reserved a place for you where the catfish all know you and are eager to please. Other visitors will have to get in line."



"I WON'T say yet what caused it," says Mrs. Mary O. Graham of Tulsa, Oklahoma, "but already our dining-room table is beginning to look like old times and the general atmosphere in our home is much more cheerful. Maybe it's the new deal. Maybe it's just spring. Maybe nature is taking her course. Anyway I thought you'd like to know."

MR. JOHN B. NORDMAYER of Dayton, Ohio, asks us to believe that "some of the best people in this town were shaking their heads dolefully during the week immediately following March 4th. They said that such haste in the White House was not dignified and that the people were not being given a chance to think about all these changes." We find no reason for doubting Mr. Nordmayer, having spent a great deal of time wondering about people whose only thought about anything new is: "I think we had better think it over."

"AND how will we know normal times when they get here?" asks Mr. Leonard Weikel of Seattle, Washington. "If Congress would stop bellowing and the people quit groaning we might find that she's whispering around the woodshed right now."

MR. WALTER B. LOAN of Yonkers, New York, has read and listened to too many racketeering stories. "Do you think," he asks doubtfully, "that the battle of the Merrimac and the Monitor was on the level?"

"THEY arrested a couple of counterfeiters down here the other day," writes Mr. James P. McBurney of Mobile, Alabama. "What's the matter? Are we going to throw all the inflationists into jail?"

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Across the miles comes a WELCOME VOICE

IT MAY be the voice of a son or daughter away at school. Of a mother or father in a distant city. Of a friend or neighbor who is wondering how you are. Of a business associate upon whose words some great decision rests.

Across the miles, the telephone brings those voices to you and carries your voice in answer. A bell rings and you reach out your hand, knowing that somewhere—near or far—another hand is reaching toward you.

The telephone enlarges the lives and opportunities of all who use it because it enlarges the power to communicate through speech. Contacts with people, ideas exchanged, words spoken—by these are our minds stimulated and the entire business of living made more pleasant and productive.

Because the telephone is so important to so many people, the Bell System strives to make its full usefulness available to every one, everywhere, at all times. Always it tries to emphasize the close contact between each telephone user and the unseen men and women who make good service possible. Always it aims to serve with courtesy, dispatch and sympathetic understanding.

Your telephone offers you the service of a friend. At any hour of the day or night, you have but to turn to it to command as many as you need of the Bell System's army of carefully trained workers.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

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"I can't – I won't GIVE UP COFFEE!"

Lady, you don't have to!

NO, LADY—you don't have to give up coffee. And neither does anyone else!

Because the one thing in coffee that ever frayed people's nerves—upset their tummies—stole their sleep—has been removed. That one thing is caffein. Now you can get coffee—real, honest-to-goodness coffee—with 97% of the caffein removed.

Drink it—and sleep! Drink it—and cheer!

Get out your pencil and write the name down quickly—Sanka Coffee. And such coffee! The choicest of Central and South American coffees—roasted and blended to perfection. Coffee with all its appetizing fragrance. Coffee with all its traditional cheery comfort and satisfying flavor. Coffee that you can enjoy any old time—without the slightest fear!

Prove it with the night-test!

But don't take our word for it. Prove it to your own satisfaction. Make the night-test. Drink your first cup of Sanka Coffee at night—at midnight, if you like. No fear of wakefulness. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a simply grand coffee that you can enjoy morning, noon *and* night—without regret!

Packed in vacuum-sealed cans, Sanka Coffee comes to you as fresh and fragrant as the day it was roasted. Your grocer sells it—with the guarantee of absolute satisfaction or your money back. Nobody wants to give up coffee—nobody needs to now! Get a pound of Sanka Coffee this very day! Sanka Coffee is a product of General Foods.

Sanka Coffee

REAL COFFEE • 97% CAFFEIN-FREE • *DRINK IT AND SLEEP!*

Sanka Coffee has been accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association with the statement: "Sanka Coffee . . . is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."

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This series of articles marks the first time that the life of a partner in J. P. Morgan & Co. has been written by another member of the firm

Mr. Lamont describes outstanding developments in the financial world of the last two decades and discusses many striking incidents of banking history

THE story of Henry P. Davison's life could hardly have been duplicated in any other country in the world. In fact, it was typically American from start to finish. If ever the copy-book phrases of truth, industry, persistence, courage, applied to any American youth they applied to Harry Davison. Born in a small town in Pennsylvania, in a normal American home of modest resources, he learned perforce from the outset the invaluable lessons of economy, of the cost and value of money as the visible reward of hard work. In that experience, common enough all over the world, he was inspired by the American conviction that the "top of the ladder" was none too high for him to reach by his own efforts, with no methods other than the most straightforward.

It is, however, difficult to compose an adequate biography of a man who spoke little, and wrote nothing, about himself. Yet that is the task confronting anyone undertaking to tell this particular tale.

It is the story of a man who, in the first twenty years of this century, had a vital relation to many of the important developments in the financial life of America. Yet curiously enough, his correspondence contains no letters of that self-revealing kind that give illumination to many biographies and help to the biographer. He relied, not on the written, but on the spoken word. His great power lay in personal contact. He could win individuals and groups through the power of his presence and speech. He never attempted it through letters. I emphasize this point, so as to make clear why this narrative is not to be annotated with a mass of documents and memoranda.

There is extant, for example, no significant interchange of correspondence in connection with his joining the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. The elder Morgan, upon whose invitation, of course, he came to the firm, was given even less than Davison to loquacity about abstract personal or business conduct. The interview was a brief one. When Davison, rather taken aback by the peremptory invitation and by the overwhelming tasks that lay ahead, expressed a doubt as to his qualifications, Mr. Morgan brushed all that aside and then added shortly:

"There's only one thing to remember: I want my business done up *there*," holding his hand high above him, "and not down *here*," pointing to the ground.

A Saving Sense of Humor

Davison had had, long before he became a member of it, a great admiration for the Morgan firm. He had an almost passionate belief in the excellence of its motives. But that did not mean that he attributed lack of excellence to the motives of others. He was under no possible illusions on the subject of that reputed omniscience in financial matters which "The Street" sometimes attributed to the firm. He knew well enough the frailty of human wisdom. His most extravagant estimate of the firm's good judgment would have been to attribute to it the advantage of having turned out right more often than wrong. One morning, at partners' meeting, he undertook to report briefly upon the progress of a corporation whose affairs he had been especially deputed to follow.

"Gentlemen," said Harry in his whimsical way, "I am sorry that I cannot bring you better news. I was so confident of the success of this particular concern that I put some money in it myself, intending, on the proceeds of the investment, to send my sister to Europe. I find that my sister has now arrived at Xenia, Ohio."

Years of High Achievement

The story of Davison's major business life runs almost parallel with that of a great and, in some ways, revolutionary period in banking and finance, particularly notable in the United States but more or less marked throughout the world. It would be difficult to tell something of Davison's life without describing some of the phenomena which marked the period through which he worked. Learning at retail, so to speak, in a small, up-country town, the rudiments of the banking business which was more or less indigenous in his mother's family, he refused to be confined within the narrow compass, outgrew it and passed in amazingly few years on to the widest ranges of international activity and influence. It is hard to set limits to the part he might have played, the place he might have attained, had not fate brought his earthly life to an untimely end.

In the fifty-four years of life that Henry Pomeroy Davison lived, there were many periods and phases, each one full of vitality and interest. But of them all there were three that stand out as the most important, as marking his most constructive achievements. These periods all fell within the last fifteen years of his life.

The first was in his closing years as vice president of the First National Bank of New York and his earlier days as a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. During this period Davison was, in 1903, the moving spirit in the formation of the Bankers Trust Company of New York. He also became the chief factor in certain banking organizations and consolidations that were not only important in themselves, but were the forerunners of others which greatly changed and strengthened the banking situation in New York.

The second of the three periods was roughly from August, 1914, the outbreak of the Great War, until America's entry into the war in April, 1917. And the third period was that of his service as head of the American Red Cross, a work which most of his friends regard

NOTE: This and the articles to follow are taken from Mr. Lamont's biography of Mr. Davison, soon to be published in book form.

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as the crowning achievement of his life. Davison himself looked upon it as his most important work.

As for that second period in Davison's business life: It began, as I say, with Great Britain's declaration of war on Germany on August 4, 1914. The effect of this upon American commercial and financial markets was immediate and severe. Stock market prices tumbled, of course, but that fact was of comparatively small moment. What caused the gravest immediate concern to the leaders of American finance was the demoralization of the foreign exchange markets and, in particular, the fall in the value of the dollar. Owing to this development one critical situation of great moment arose almost at once. The City of New York had maturing abroad, prior to January 1, 1915, the heavy sum of almost $80,000,000. New York City's good name was involved in meeting those obligations promptly. Yet the city did not have the gold to ship, and, even if the city comptroller had been able to buy the exchange in the completely abnormal conditions then prevailing, the transaction might have cost the city a premium of something like fifteen or twenty million dollars.

Saving New York City's Credit

At the critical juncture the City authorities appealed to the business instinct and to the patriotism of New York's bankers. J. P. Morgan & Co. at once interested themselves actively in the situation. Strong discouragement to any plan of attempting to raise *in gold* the great sums required came from many quarters. But with the approval and coöperation of J. P. Morgan (this was J. P. Morgan, the younger, or Jr., who had succeeded his father as head of the firm after the death of the latter on March 30, 1913), Davison became active in overcoming detailed opposition to the plan of securing gold.

Accordingly the Morgan firm invited Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb & Co. to join them as managers and within a few days, with the coöperation of all the leading banking institutions of the city, organized a syndicate which agreed to buy $100,000,000 of the city's obligations, and of that $100,000,000 to pay in gold the sum of $80,000,000. Thus was provided the gold necessary to export in order to meet New York City's promises-to-pay in England and France.

These early war difficulties in the American financial and exchange markets came to an end in the autumn of 1914. Then, with the immense demand for food and raw materials that the Allies precipitated upon America, the exchanges quickly shifted and the American dollar, as compared with the leading European currencies, had gone back to par with the pound sterling in November, and with the French franc in January, 1915. Not long after this the dollar went to a premium over both foreign currencies. Davison watched with careful and thoughtful eyes these growing purchases in America directed by the Allied ministries of war and navy, and of course by foreign manufacturers and merchants, called upon to supply the extraordinary war demand of the governments and civilian populations. What was going on in America was easy to see: the Allies had begun to compete against one another upon a grand scale in the American markets. Not only that, but the various departments or ministries of the same government were frequently in active competition among themselves.

The British War Office, with Lord Kitchener at its head, required supplies of all kinds—beef, grain, cotton, wool, horses, leather, steel, brass and copper. At the same moment it was the business of the British Admiralty to keep itself just as fully and as promptly equipped as its neighboring War Office, and now and then without much apparent regard for what the War Office was doing in the same markets.

It was easy to see where such unbridled competition would lead. Two results were inevitable: The first would be a failure on the part of the Allies to secure in any orderly fashion—and, in fact, in anything like sufficient volume—the supplies sorely needed. Incidentally they would be paying prices so exorbitant that their resources would all the sooner become depleted. The second result appertained to American industry itself, which, with wild and runaway markets, would become thoroughly demoralized. How to avoid those results was the puzzling question.

Harry Davison was the man who had a plan to remedy the situation. His idea was a simple one. It was to coördinate, through an American agent, the chief purchases in this country of the Allies and of their various departments.

Van Wagner

Mr. and Mrs. Davison, with their sons Trubee and Harry. Davison was then cashier of the Liberty National Bank

As a school-teacher he was determined to do the job right

The moment Davison conceived the idea of proffering the services of his partners and himself to the Allies as temporary purchasing agents or, in fact, in any capacity that would be helpful, he broached it to Mr. Morgan and the rest of his partners. Davison had no completely developed plan; it was just a thought—an instinctive protest against confusion—an idea prompted by the chaotic conditions becoming more evident every day. All things considered, the partners agreed that Davison's idea was worth trying.

"All right," said he to Mr. Morgan, "you jump on the steamer and make the offer first to the British authorities."

"You jump on the steamer yourself," retorted Mr. Morgan: "this is your idea. You go over and explain it. Then if you need me too, I will come."

On November 26, 1914, Davison sailed for England, and early in 1915 the so-called commercial agency contract between the British government and the Morgan firm was signed.

A Nation Taught to Give

Now as to that third phase of Davison's active life: Some people look upon his war work as head of the American Red Cross simply as a very unusual job of money-raising, and an extraordinary piece of administration. It was far more, far greater than either of those things. It is hardly too much to say that Davison's imagination and work had influence on the American people in setting up an entirely new standard of giving, in establishing a new scale of generosity that has since been felt in efforts of charitable and educational giving throughout the country. Since, in that first Red Cross drive, the country as a whole learned how to give, the scale for rich and poor has been immeasurably increased. In the ten years following the close of the war something like one billion dollars was contributed to our educational institutions alone, as contrasted with a total of, say, $339,000,000 of such contributions in the previous decade.

The Red Cross at the Front

The extraordinary organization of the successive Red Cross drives proved again the advantage of handling great philanthropic enterprises with the same orderliness and efficiency with which business corporations are usually conducted.

Everyone recalls the great Red Cross campaign for $100,000,000 which was launched and carried through in the summer of 1917. Experienced campaigners in charity looked upon this stupendous sum as impossible to secure, and the country at large at first regarded the effort as noble but quixotic. But Davison and the able lieutenants who came running at his call organized the country as it had never been organized before for any purpose, political or otherwise.

It was this vast, this eager organization, penetrating into the tiniest hamlets in the land just as it covered its greatest cities, this unique and superb organization, which brought success—this and one other great factor, namely: Davison's personal success in gaining huge individual subscriptions to start the ball rolling. Men who would ordinarily have considered $100,000 as their limit gave $1,000,000; families of extremely limited means, which in the old days would with difficulty have given a dollar, mobilized all their meager resources and made it twenty-five.

The second direction in which Davison's genius showed itself was in the extraordinarily helpful attitude which the American Red Cross adopted towards the French *poilu* in the early months of American participation in the war. This was in the autumn of 1917, perhaps the most discouraging period for the Allies in the whole war. For, on the Italian front, the Caporetto disaster had come like an avalanche from the Alpine peaks hanging threateningly over it. And in Russia, Kerensky, fighting desperately but futilely to hold his country stanch to the Allies, had fallen. The red terror of Bolshevism had succeeded him and was even then planning the disastrous Peace of Brest-Litovsk with Germany. France was literally being bled white and, though gallant and heroic still, was staggering under the blows. In the French Army in the dark days of 1917, following the disastrous spring offensive of the Allies, there was discouragement, there was disaffection. There was worse—in many divisions there was open mutiny. The strain of three constant years in the trenches, with their families—for all they knew—in want and hunger at home, was too much for some of the troops. And the trouble might have spread.

Then it was that the American Red Cross literally came to the front. Pétain, a Marshal of France, has paid his tribute to the extraordinary help given to him at this time by the American Red Cross under Davison. He has explained how the French army division commanders would prepare long lists of the most worthy *poilus* who were in deep anxiety over the plight of their families at home; and substantial sums for relief would at once be sent to these families from the American Red Cross. In this way a double service was rendered: the families were materially relieved and the soldiers were quickly made to realize that America, strong and resourceful America, was already on hand to help them.

Grateful Words from Clemenceau

On this point I can add one word of personal testimony: Early in December, 1917, being in Paris on a war errand of minor importance, I was taken to call on M. Clemenceau who, in the midst of the discouragement I have described, had been called back to be premier of France. Indeed, that was the hour for the "Tiger" to return. The stream was on the ebb; the tide seemed flowing out, perhaps never to return. Clemenceau leaped into the middle of it and dammed it. He was like a great, massive rock that swift-rushing water could not move. He was a barrier, a mighty fortress that could not be shaken. All this is to say that, as he welcomed me in the early dusk of that gloomy December day, he grasped my hand and spoke in moving terms of the help which America was already rendering to his beloved soldiers through the Red Cross; of the fine imagination and bold execution which were proving to France that America was in truth by her side.

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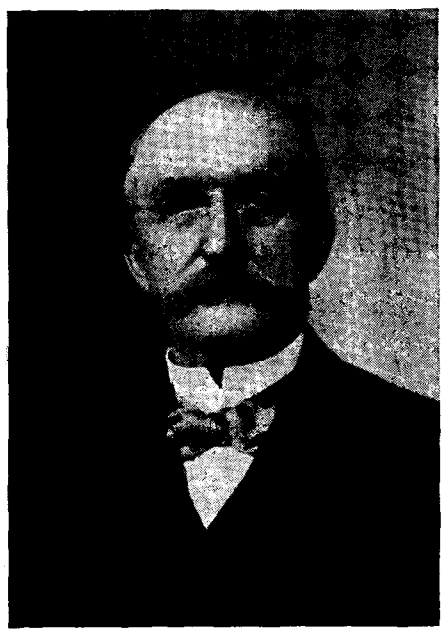
To go back to the beginning: Henry Pomeroy Davison, familiarly known as Harry Davison, was born in Troy, Bradford County, Pennsylvania, June 13, 1867. His father, George Bennett Davison, whose business it was to sell farming implements, had a creative imagination. He was an inventor: to puzzle out an improvement for a harrow or a mowing machine was to him an absorbing hobby. Harry's mother, Henrietta Bliss Pomeroy, was talented, musical, and had an irresistible magnetism; everybody loved her. She died while Harry was a little boy. It requires no stretch of imagination to see in him the qualities of both of his parents: the ingenious mind of the one; the charm, brilliancy and gift for friendship of the other.

It has been Davison's sister, Mary, who has given me the background of her brother's boyhood days. Like many other towns of that period, Troy was a self-reliant, thriving little place, the



George Bennett Davison, Harry's father, had a creative imagination

Pach

When Harry Davison left Troy he had little but his incomparable gift for friendship

Harry's mother, Henrietta Bliss Pomeroy, talented, musical, magnetic

surrounding farming country acting as a kind of commercial watershed to its prosperity. For all farmers who were within driving distance Troy was a clearing house. They drove there every Saturday afternoon with butter and eggs and grain; they put their money in the bank or, if necessary, they borrowed on a mortgage; they could buy a plow or have a horse shod and the wives could "visit" in the dry-goods store. Every hitching post had one or two horses attached to it. Those were the days when there was not a sleigh without two buffalo robes, and no one seemed to be poor.

Elmira, a comparatively large town just over the line in New York State, was only twenty-five miles away, but Troy asked nothing of Elmira and probably gave nothing. Troy had everything she needed: a school, a bank, two hotels, two tanneries, two flour mills, and seven churches. Boys born in Troy were supposed to live in Troy; most of them did. A sort of walled town which had never been molested by new ideas; orderly, with no loose boards in the sidewalks; three neat streets, Canton, Elmira and Main, radiating from its center—the bank—and, back of the town, Paine's Hill for boys to climb.

This was the prosperous and satisfied atmosphere into which Harry Davison was born. Added to this was a solid foundation of family, the intermarriage of the Davisons and Pomeroys creating a close network of relationship. Two of Harry Davison's aunts on the paternal side married half brothers of his mother.

Merely to enumerate the names of the Davisons would describe them: Amanda Malvina, Araminta Maria, Susan Sophronia and Annice Amelia, George Bennett (Henry's father) being the only brother and the youngest. They all lived and grew old in Troy. They were as permanent and dependable as their names indicated. The Pomeroys were equally solid, with names equally descriptive: Daniel, Eleazar, Horace, Samuel, Newton, Merrick, and Henrietta. Both families were predestined to be pillars of the church—and they were. One day a man passing through the village pointed to the Presbyterian church and asked a little boy what church it was.

"That? Why, that is Merrick Pomeroy's church," was the answer.

A Sabbath-Keeping Family

Which was perhaps an overstatement, but there was some truth in it, for, of all the Pomeroy brothers, Uncle Merrick, with whom Harry's life was to be so closely associated, was the most devout. He searched the Scriptures daily and obeyed them literally, with the faith of a child. The Bible, in the hands of so conscientious and austere a servant of the Lord, knew no exegesis. For him, to spare the rod was, in effect, to spoil the child, and it never occurred to him that the fear of the Lord could be exaggerated. His was a bleak school with a cold master. He did not rely on his own judgment. He blindly followed the Bible as common tradition interpreted it, without any discrimination. The example of Uncle Merrick's simple sincerity made on Harry's young mind a deep impression which fostered his instinctive distaste for anything that might have the slightest taint of sacrilege.

No tyrant could have been more merciless than public opinion bred in a small Presbyterian church fifty years ago. Its code was absolute. It was easy to know right from wrong; the relentless line was drawn straight: all religious or social activity in the church was right and most outside pleasures were under suspicion. That code dictated how Sunday was to be spent. As one of the days of the week it was Sunday, but on Saturday at sunset it began to be reverently called "the Sabbath day." Only to hear the word pronounced in the customary hushed tone inspired fear and gave a sense of repression. Sunday breakfast was a silent meal; worldly subjects and thoughts were shut out, so that the mind might be prepared for the entrance of the Holy Spirit. It was the Lord's day and should be set apart. Books, papers and sewing or knitting were put away; only the Bible and The Evangelist, the weekly Presbyterian paper, were left on the table. After breakfast the family went to the sitting-room for prayers—a particularly solemn moment. As soon as the church bell began to ring, the women put on their bonnets and waited for the first toll of the bell; then they rose and the whole family, imbued with the spirit of reverence, gravely walked to church, where they sat lost in silent meditation.

The sermon and the long prayer were, for children, interminable distances that had to be crossed, and naturally they snatched at anything which could be a diversion. The most absorbing one was to count the candles on the blue and gold chandelier which hung from the center of the ceiling, and those around the pillars on the sides. Half the time could be killed in that complicated calculation.

The atmosphere was an entirely different one in the Sunday school which came immediately after the morning service. The old people were separated from the young ones, so need for appearances was gone and everybody had a better time. The afternoon was another endless space with nothing to do—a void. You could not play, you could not take a walk, you could not read anything, unless it were a Sunday-school book, and, after the Elsie Dinsmore books and Almost a Nun had been exhausted, there was nothing exciting to ask for. Four hours to walk in the vegetable garden, or sit in the hammock, dragged unmercifully. It was such a dull and heavy afternoon that Christian Endeavor at half past six came as a relief, and the evening service which followed was not bad, for it gave at least something to do.

Years later when, as a bank clerk in New York, Harry went back to Troy to visit, he found that the old attitude toward Sunday had not changed. Once he went home to spend Memorial Day which fell on a Monday. Arriving early Sunday morning, on his way from the station he met the minister who, after a cordial greeting, asked when he came.

"I just arrived, Mr. Sewell." Mr. Sewell's face instantly sobered:

"What, Harry, traveling on Sunday?"

Left Motherless at Nine

Tragedy entered early into Harry's life: his mother died when he was nine, leaving four children, a boy older than Harry, and his two younger sisters, one a baby six months old. His father's situation was a complicated one. Business obliged him to be away from Troy frequently, and his home was shattered. He was helpless to face alone the problem of guiding a family of four small children with no mother. The three eldest—Eddie, Harry and Mary—each went for the time being to live with an aunt; Henrietta, the baby, was adopted by Uncle Merrick. Harry's surroundings at this time were not those prescribed as ideal for an affectionate small boy. He had too many guardians and no one in particular. He had to learn a great deal all at once. The first Christmas after his home was broken

(Continued on page 40)

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John Gregory, American, learns the meaning of romance, as they know it in a land—

Where Love comes First

By Harold Lamb

AYESHA was fourteen years old. So old that she thought people should cease calling her a child and admit that she was a woman.

She cared for a herd of black goats, and she was slim and active as a goat herself, with a mop of dark hair and defiant eyes. For four years she had worn a veil, and she knew that when she made her way through the village of the Bakhtiari tribe heads turned after her.

She had no protector except her father—her own mother being dead—and here among the nomads of the southern mountains she understood that a woman needed a protector. A man of some kind, with authority.

For the present she had to obey her numerous stepmothers, lugging their younger children around, and going off to root up thorn bush when they screamed at her that fuel was needed. Also when the evening smoke rose up over the huts, she carried the water jar to and from the well. At times, of course, her father brought her white Russian sugar and silver armlets from the Isfahan bazaar.

Of late her father had neglected to bring Ayesha sugar, or silver armlets. The herds of the Bakhtiari had been thinned by a bad winter. In other years, with the melting of the snows on the heights of the Karatagh behind the village, the tribe had migrated to their summer pastures. Through the pass of the Stone Riders, to the higher altitudes, following the grass. For generations they had migrated, fighting off enemies and raiding strange villages. But this year the Persian government had ordered them to remain in their village and to surrender their arms.

"When the Bakhtiari yield up their rifles," Ayesha's father said, "there will be no snow on the Karatagh."

And he laughed deep in his throat. Already the grass around the village was turning brown. The camels grazed on thorn bush, but the horses grew lean. By midsummer the grazing would fail, and they would have to sell horses and sheep in the towns to buy food. Still, they had their rifles—heavy Troklinis and long Lee-Enfields, old, but useful.

Often at night Ayesha listened to his muttering among other graybeards by the hearth. She was accustomed to hunger, and to talk of war.

"*Ai*," she whispered to the tawny kitten that shared her bed, "perhaps before then *he* will come."

He was no less a person than a hero. With a head of flame, riding a swift-paced horse with a stolen saddle, and with such authority in his voice that even the graybeards would bow before him like slaves. Ayesha could not read her own name, but she had listened to the blind poet of the nomads telling of old kings and their glory, and she knew what a hero should be.

She whispered to the drowsy kitten, pulling the embroidered quilt over both of them to keep out the reek of wood smoke. In a chest under the bed Ayesha had a dress embroidered like the quilt, with her small store of silver trinkets.

But her greatest treasure was in the vanishing place, up in the ravine of the Stone Riders. The sides of this ravine were red limestone, and near the top on each hand figures had been carved in the stone, figures of horsemen galloping after lions. And even the blind poet could not say how long the Stone Riders had stood there. At rare intervals venturesome travelers made the ascent of the Karatagh to look at the rock carvings. Ayesha liked to graze her goats on the slopes of the ravine, where she could watch the caravans coming over the pass.

BY CHANCE she found the vanishing place. She chased one of the silky-haired, nimble goats into a cleft behind gray tamarisk brush—into a square doorway, choked with débris. So she found herself in the tomb that no archeologist had ever discovered. She knew it was a tomb because it contained a great stone box ornamented with tiny figures like the Stone Riders of the outer ravine. The lid had been taken off the sarcophagus, and the body had disappeared.

Still, Ayesha knew it had been the body of a great khan, buried here with his wife in the time when the Stone Riders ranged the mountains. Because when she returned to the tomb with a candle she found some strange objects in a heap of rubbish—a necklace of thin, beaten gold in shape like a half-moon, long earrings of coral weighted with gold, and a diadem that still sparkled with amethysts and sapphires. There were also some broken beads which she strung on a cotton cord. The gold was dull and stained, but unmistakable to the touch. Often Ayesha would slip into the tomb and put on these ornaments of a long-dead queen. Curled up on the marble lid, staring at the miniature marble warriors, she imagined herself the favorite of a mighty khan, who would sing love songs at her feet. She dared not show her treasures in the village, knowing that they would be taken away from her at once.

When she left the tomb she hid the precious things carefully in the rubble pile with the candle, being afraid of the eyes of Barak.

He did not resemble a hero, and he made her angry. An antelope hunter with no more than a shaggy Turkoman pony, a well-worn rifle and a sleeping carpet to his hand, Barak had a silent pride in him, and her father spoke of him with respect because he took the lead when the

Bakhtiari went on a raid. When the unmarried girls danced in the beaten field when the harvest was in, Barak would rein his pony through them, mocking them. Whole days he would sit on the height above the pass, watching for enemies. At times he would come down to water his pony by Ayesha's goats, saying only two words:

"*Hai, batche!*—Ha, child!"

But Ayesha had worn a veil for four years and considered herself no longer a child. Once, going down to the village, she limped, pretending that she had hurt her foot, hoping that Barak would offer his pony to ride on. Barak had come after her indeed, at a gallop, his rifle tossing behind his headcloth. He had laughed loud—"Ha, child!"—and had galloped through her goats, scatter-

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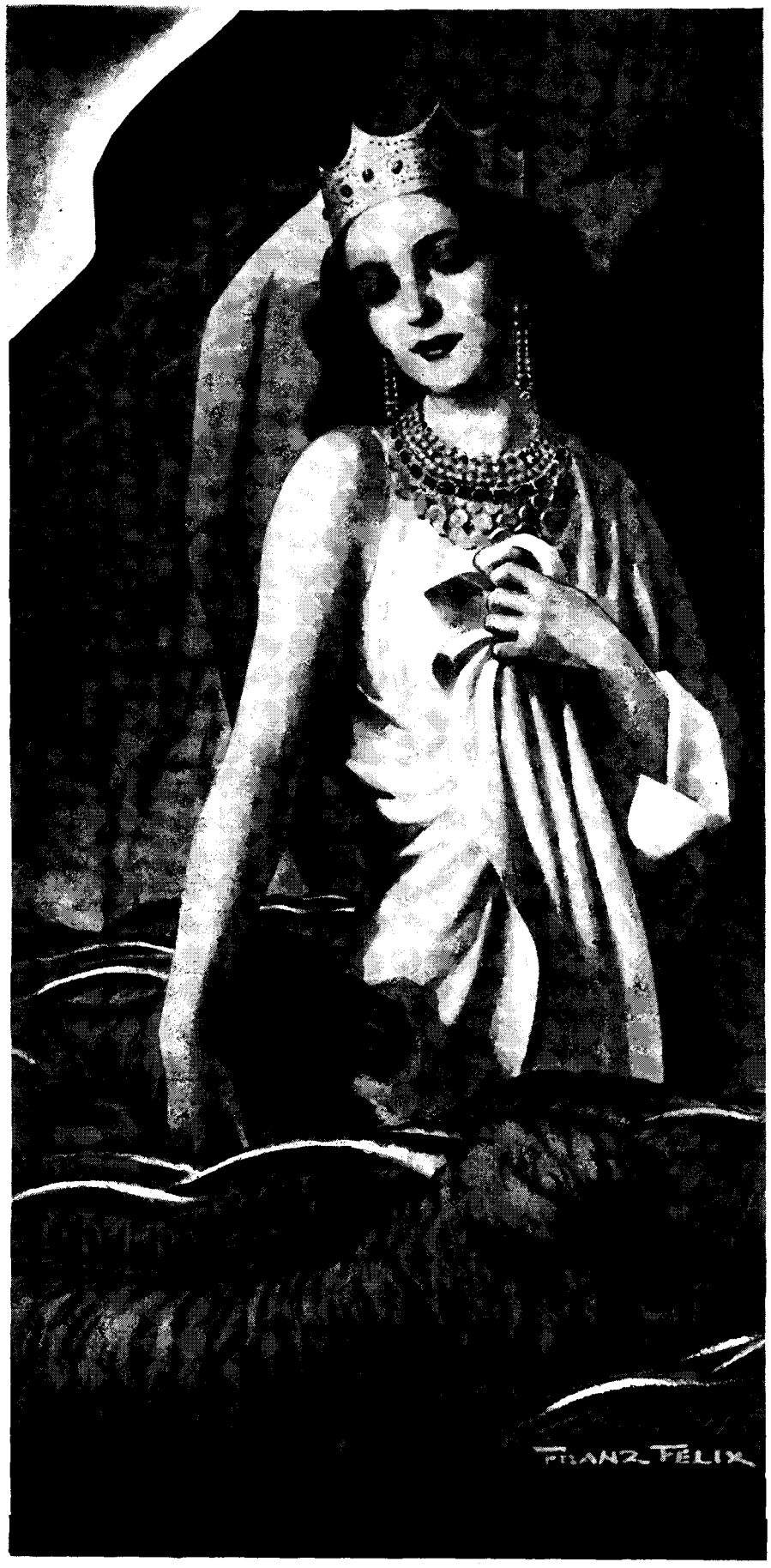

ing them over a half mile of countryside. She felt hot and angry when she thought of that. And she suspected that Barak had discovered her tomb, although he said nothing.

Early in the summer, when even the goats had begun to suffer from bad grazing, Ayesha discovered her hero. She found him camped within revolver shot of the village, with the Bakhtiari brats staring at him in wonder. Ayesha forgot her dignity—forgot everything except the tall figure in white shirt and riding boots moving about the luxurious tent, among opened packs. The last gleam of sunlight struck full upon his red-gold head.

"Ha, child," he called to her. "Mind thy black devils!"

She had forgotten the goats, which had invaded the stranger's camp, nosing into packs and bundles of fodder. The red hero laughed as he kicked them off, until Ayesha arose and began to stone them into obedience with dignity.

"He is not an Inglis sahib," her father explained that night. "Nay, an Amrikai is he, come to look at the Stone Riders and make pictures of them with a picture machine. He is a seeker."

"WHAT seeks he?" Ayesha presumed to ask.

"Broken pottery and sword blades out of the earth—old and useless things. Yet he comes in a bad hour."

Her father was silent, pondering. The Bakhtiari did not wish to be visited just then, even by an American archeologist who had nothing, palpably, to do with the government or the road police. But since he had come alone, it

Illustrated by Franz Felix

Out of a cleft in the cliff appeared a girl, unveiled. Gregory shut his eyes and opened them again. She was still there

was necessary to treat him as a guest. And the law of hospitality might not be broken among the nomads.

"What is his name?" Ayesha asked.

"It is Gre-goree."

Softly she repeated this, so that the sound would be familiar. The next day, paying no heed to the commands of her stepmothers, she went off before sunrise with the goats to the ravine of the Stone Riders. For hours she watched the red-headed stranger photographing the rock carvings. But he paid no attention to the slender, veiled figure.

That evening when she retired to bed with the gray kitten she cried a little in her sleeve—quietly, so that the men who were whispering about the fire should not hear her. Ayesha was not at all patient. Nor was she inclined to admire from afar a man she loved.

"Tomorrow," she thought, rubbing the kitten's ear, "he will speak to me. I am no longer a child, and he will speak to me."

JOHN GREGORY, explorer and amateur archeologist, prowled over the detritus in the ravine. He felt both excited and exasperated. These rock carvings had been photographed before, by men who had discovered nothing else in the ravine. But twenty-five hundred years ago, when the riders had been hewn out of the rock, there must have been a town or a tomb here in the ravine. For one reason, a world-old caravan route passed through the ravine. And he had noticed fragments of marble in the rubble underfoot. Whereas in his trip through the Karatagh he had seen no trace of marble elsewhere.

Perhaps the foundation of a palace—a palace of Darius or Xerxes the great king—lay a dozen feet under the surface of the detritus, although it would be a thankless task to dig for it blindly. Perhaps somewhere along the cliff there were inscriptions. Perhaps—he stopped in his tracks and gasped.

Out of a cleft in the cliff appeared a girl, unveiled, among a mass of black goats. The dark flood of her hair was combed back from her forehead and she wore the necklace of gold, the shining diadem and beaded coils of a king's favorite. A favorite of the great king who had ruled this land twenty-five hundred years ago. Gregory shut his eyes against the sun's glare, and opened them again. She was still there. He went closer and examined the jewelry with unbelief that changed to sheer amazement. In one case of the Baghdad Museum he had seen such ancient goldwork—nowhere else.

"I'll be—" He changed to fluent Persian— "From what place did these things come?"

The girl seemed to be meditating. In reality, frightened and delighted, she was watching him from under long lashes. Then she glanced up and down the ravine and at the opposite height. Barak was not to be seen. She beckoned Gregory and slipped back into the cleft, pointing to the dark entrance of the tomb. Gregory dived past her, and shouted aloud.

IT WAS a tomb of the Achæmenian period, a royal tomb of the age of Xerxes. Falling to his knees, he ran his hand over the marble figures. Yes, the sarcophagus was as old as the tomb. . . . The Persian government would never let it out of the country, but he could take photographs—now.

Ayesha curled up in a corner and watched avidly while he set up his camera on the dark side of the sarcophagus and adjusted the focus.

"Now there will be *yunani*—magic." He held up a small glass globe that seemed to be full of silver leaves. Ayesha's lips parted expectantly, while he did something to the camera. Then she screamed in fear.

A sudden, blinding light filled the tomb and vanished. Gregory laughed and caught her in his arm when she dashed at the door.

"*Aib neh darad,*" he exclaimed. "There is no harm. See, it is as it was."

She was like a wild bird, pinioned. Still struggling toward the sunlight, she turned her head fearfully, and her tangled hair brushed his cheek. Her heart throbbed against his arm and he thought that she was indeed lovely as a king's courtesan. The excitement of his discovery was still heavy upon him, and swiftly he leaned down to kiss her lips.

Ayesha stood still. "What is that good for?" she asked.

"Well—" he did not know what to say in Persian. For Moslems do not indulge in kissing as much as Westerners. "It is a custom, a greeting to a beautiful girl."

"A custom of the Amrikai, O Sarkar?"

"Yes, of the Amrikai, and many other people."

"Good. But what meaning has it? The customs of the Amrikai I do not know." Ayesha had found her tongue suddenly.

"A man does it sometimes when he wishes a girl for a wife."

"Do it again."

AYESHA seemed very content. Her dark eyes glowed, and the scent of dried flowers was in her hair. When the archeologist questioned her, she chattered about her discovery of the head jewelry. He wondered whether the men who had looted the sarcophagus long ago, after breaking down the door of the tomb, had missed the gold ornaments, or if one of them had hidden the things away and had been unable to return for them. But Ayesha's mind was on other matters.

"Why do you shave your chin and not your head, O Sarkar? Why have you no servants to wait upon you? Do the women of the Amrikai wear veils when they go out from their houses? Are they very lovely, with red-gold hair?"

"No one could be lovelier than you, Ayesha."

He gave up any idea of taking more photographs that afternoon. Instead, while the girl curled up near him, he let his eyes run over the magnificent marble figures. He told her the story of the great king who had fought with Iskander—with Alexander of Macedon. Ayesha listened eagerly. It was the familiar hero tale the blind poet sang, of the god-like conqueror of the golden

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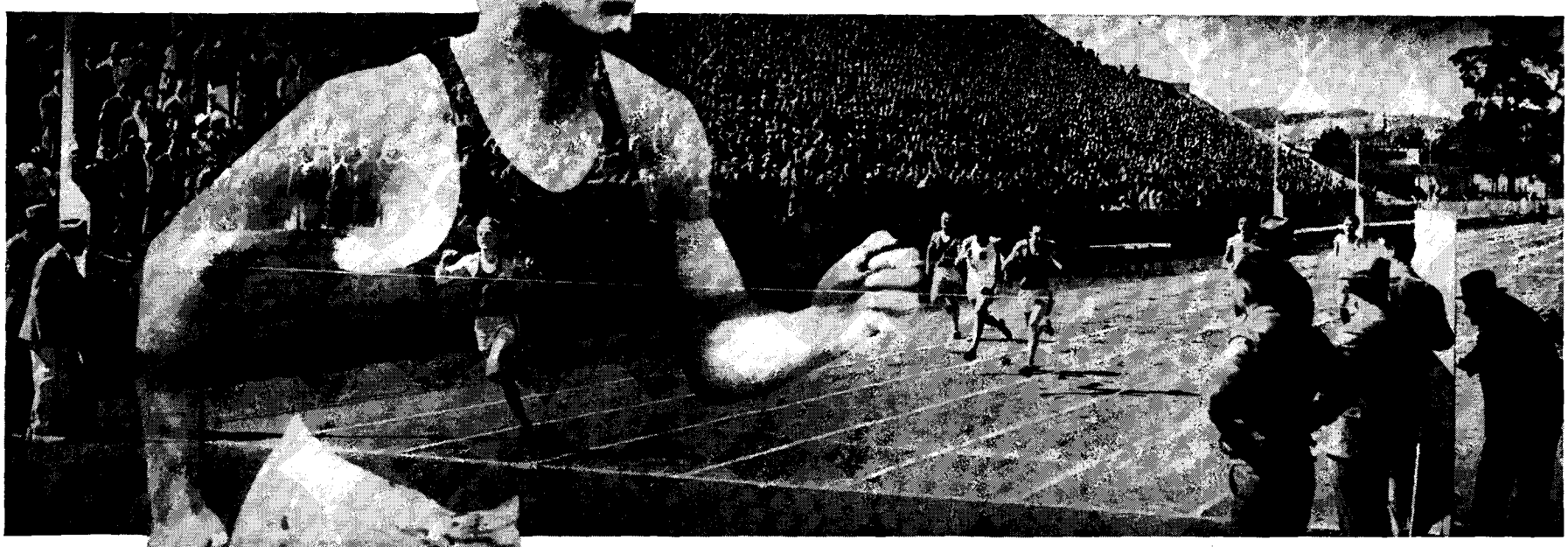
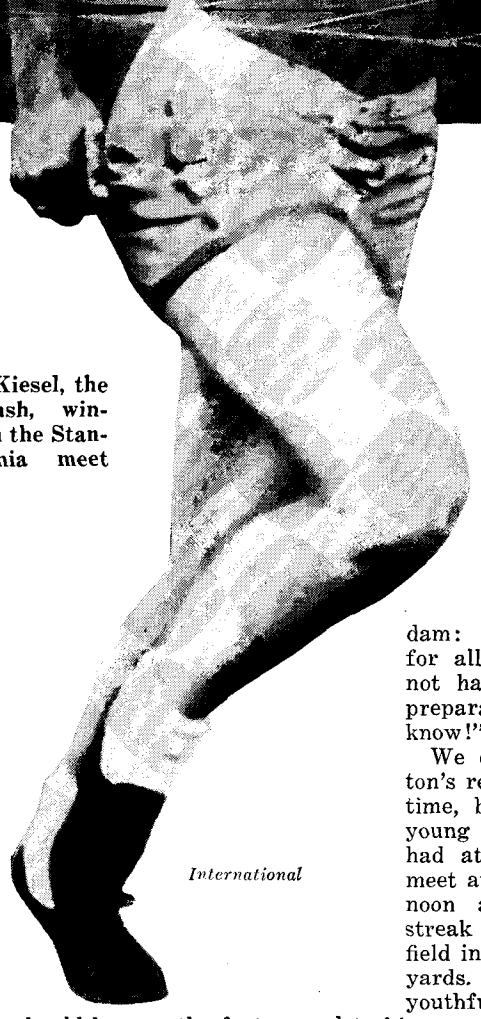
Falling Star

By Charley Paddock



Wide World

"Bullet Bob" Kiesel, the California flash, winning the 220 in the Stanford California meet



International

Here's a new term for your sports vocabulary: "Foot-spring" promises to revolutionize the running form of all track men. The runner using it appears to be stumbling constantly—it's awkward in appearance, but mighty effective in winning races. Gene Venzke first used it in this country, and it is now being taught to the latest speed wizard, Bob Kiesel of California

THAT boy should become the fastest 220-yard man the world has ever known," said Bernie Wefers, coach of the New York Athletic Club, and himself the record-holder in this event for more than twenty years. Wefers had just seen Robert A. Kiesel, University of California sophomore, win a heat in the 220-meter Olympic tryouts at Palo Alto last summer.

Earlier in 1932, "Bullet Bob," as Kiesel is known at Berkeley, had won the Intercollegiate 220-yard championship of the United States in his first year of varsity competition and had proved himself a human dynamo of speed. This powerfully built blond, who weighs 170 pounds and stands five feet nine inches, has every qualification of a champion.

Though Kiesel of California has just recently come into his own, American sprinters have been hearing of him ever since the spring of 1928. Dink Templeton, the famous track coach of Stanford University, told members of the Olympic team on the boat bound for Amsterdam: "It is a lucky thing for all of you that you do not have to run against a preparatory school wonder I know!"

We did not take Templeton's remark seriously at the time, but we had not seen young Kiesel in action. Dink had attended a high school meet at Palo Alto one afternoon and had observed a streak of light flash past the field in both the 100 and 220 yards. He hunted up the youthful prodigy and discovered to his amazement that it was the boy's first competition.

"And it's my last, too," Kiesel told Templeton. "Baseball is my game. I'm not interested in sprinting."

"You've the gift," said Dink. "And America can use you very nicely at Amsterdam."

"But I don't want to run," Bob remonstrated. "Besides, I'm not good enough."

The Reluctant Speedster

"We'll see about that," said Dink, and immediately got in touch with Bob's parents, whom he found to be enthusiastic sports followers. It was arranged for Kiesel to compete against the best sprinters of Northern California in the Olympic tryouts. The boy had other ideas and went fishing. He was brought back, against his wishes, just in time to run against Russ Sweet, one of the finest sprinters in America, Hec Dyer, an Intercollegiate champion, and several other fast men.

When Bob Kiesel stepped to the line, he did not even know that a sprinter is supposed to dig starting holes. The officials had to show him, and then the starter himself demonstrated the crouch position. Kiesel almost fell on his face when the starting gun was fired, and he was ten yards behind his field in the first twenty-five. He knew none of the fundamentals of sprinting, but he decided that the situation called for immediate action. So he dug in as if running to a fire, and the field commenced to drop back as though it were standing still. He made up all but a few inches on Russ Sweet, the winner, and later in the afternoon he again spotted the best 220 men ten yards at the start and proceeded to beat them by about that much in the longer distance.

Hailed as a sensation by the San Francisco papers, predictions were made that Bob Kiesel would run that other phenomenal high school sprinter of the day, Frank Wykoff of Glendale, off his feet in the final Olympic tryouts. But Kiesel did not make the trip East. He went fishing again.

From that time until the track season of 1932, Bob's interest in sprinting did not increase. He liked sports in a general way, but he continued to derive far more pleasure from playing a trout than in pounding down a cinder path. After his private school days were over, he enrolled as a freshman at California, and the boys, remembering what he had accomplished in the San Francisco tryouts, made life miserable for him until he turned out for track. The same old speed was present, but so was the same lack of incentive. He won simply because he was in a class by himself. His sprinting form remained atrocious and his method of starting gave Walter Christie, the veteran coach, a constant headache.

Eligible for varsity competition as a sophomore in 1932, but still devoid of experience, Bob Kiesel was sent out to run against the great Wykoff, then a senior at Southern California. "Flying Frank" was generally regarded as the fastest sprinter in the world. But his reputation held no fear for Kiesel. The powerful blond speedster, still handicapped by a wretched start and a complete ignorance of the technical side of "pick-up," raced Wykoff several times over the 100-yard distance. Kiesel closed the gap between them with such a rush that there was no doubt left in anyone's mind, including Wykoff's, that Kiesel, bad start and all, could beat him in the 220.

"Bullet Bob" Tries the Furlong

Wykoff, however, did not run the furlong until the Intercollegiate meet, and then only to silence Northern California track fans who seemed to be laboring under the impression that he was afraid to meet Kiesel. The track was slow and heavy, but Wykoff, away to his usual fast start, was well in the lead at the end of the first fifty yards. Though Frank's smooth, rhythmical stride made him look like a winner during the first half of the course, his form could not match the sheer power of Kiesel's pounding legs, which commenced to close the gap between them. Slowly the strong Californian forged to the front and he won over the champion by a clear two yards.

The cry then went up for Kiesel to compete in the Olympic Games. Bob did not care to try out. He said that there were plenty of good American sprinters in competition, including Wykoff, Tolan, Metcalfe, Simpson, Toppino and Dyer. He felt that the season had already been a long one, and then, too, he understood that the fish were biting extremely well. But undergraduates and alumni of California would not heed his protests, and his family insisted on his competing.

So Kiesel ran at Palo Alto. But his heart was not in it. He took part only in the 200 meters, and did not display the same kind of speed which he had

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A Perfect Gentleman

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

The story of a lass who loved a sailor—but not just an ordinary sailor. Mr. Bosker was a perfectly marvelous man. You'll see

NAOMI didn't care what the other girls said; Mr. Bosker was different. Mr. Bosker wasn't just an ordinary sailor. Ordinary sailors—why they might act like how the girls said, but not Mr. Bosker. For some reason Florabelle and Anna Marie and Pearl were down on sailors and told the most awful stories about them. They giggled horrifiedly whenever sailors came into the dime store, which was on Broadway in Los Angeles.

"I wouldn't go out with no sailor. They take you to Tia Juana and try to get you tight on beer" . . . "Margaret, that's my oldest sister—why she went with a sailor once. He said he'd show her the dead Marine . . . down in a storeroom on the battleship, and if she hadn't screamed . . . sailors!" . . . "I know a girl that married a gob. It turned out he had another wife in Panama and he was paying allotment to a girl in Seattle. Yeah, imagine!"

Even Mr. Ennehew, the floorwalker, had it in for sailors. He scolded the girls at the toy and candy counters if they talked to them. Naomi worked at No. 17, tinware, and sailors never seemed to need any tinware. Not that Naomi would of flirted. Grandma Stillson had raised her better. Naomi knew that a girl—why she couldn't expect to meet a nice sailor by flirting.

That wasn't the way Naomi had met Mr. Bosker. Naomi had ridden on the Pacific Electric to San Pedro one Saturday afternoon, all by herself. At first she thought she would just sit in the park on Point Firmin and watch the picnic parties. A girl had ought to get plenty of fresh air and, besides, when you sit looking out over the ocean it helps to develop your imagination. Naomi sat in the park for almost ten minutes, then she decided she would go down to the boat landing and see the people ride out to visit the battleships.

SO NAOMI walked along Front Street like a perfect lady, paying no attention to several sailors who said: "Hello, Baby." Some of Naomi's girl friends, like Virgie Smith, for instance—why, they often went to San Pedro deliberately to pick up sailors. It was a lot nicer to go to San Pedro to develop your imagination, and you only looked at battleships because it was real educative and every thinking person should take a patriotic interest in Our Navy.

Several boats were loading and unloading passengers at the landing. Men were calling out "New Mexico" . . . "California" . . . "Arizona." Naomi wondered if you had to know somebody on a battleship before you could ride out and see it. She was trying to get up courage to ask a sailor who wore white gaiters and a coat and a brassard on his arm, when all of a sudden she met Mr. Bosker.

Mr. Bosker was standing at one end of a longboat tied up close to some steps. There was a brass rail around the place where Mr. Bosker stood and he looked awful important.

"Arizona boat, Miss?" he said, touching his cap.

"Why . . . I dunno. I was supposed to meet a young lady friend here and we was to go out and see a battleship that her boy friend is on. But I guess she ain't coming."

"Do you know the name of the ship?"

"N-no . . . not for sure . . . but I thought it sounded kinda like the Arizona. Yes, I'm sure it did."

Mr. Bosker looked thoughtful and respectful, awful respectful.

"You know the guy's name you was supposed to visit?"

"No, sir; I don't. Except . . . he's an officer and I guess he got tied up in some work or somepin and called it off."

"Is he a C. P. O.?"

"Ye-es, I believe that's what they call him."

Mr. Bosker reflected on the problem, while a number of people were assisted into the boat by another sailor. Naomi thought Mr. Bosker looked awful strong and nice. He wore his white cap over one eye and he had a reddish brown face that had been scrubbed until it looked like shiny leather. He was young, too, and you could tell he really had brains, because he wrinkled up his forehead and really thought things out. He had a big American flag tattooed on his right forearm and an anchor on his left forearm.

"That's a tough break they run out on you," he remarked finally. "You ever seen a battlewagon, Miss?"

"No, sir; I never have."

"Why don't you ride out with this party?"

"Oh, could I? I mean is it allowed by the government?"

Mr. Bosker grinned.

"It ain't exactly, but I can fix it up."

"Oh, I wouldn't want to put you to no trouble."

"Glad to do it, Miss. Just give me your name and address and telephone number. It's for the card."

NAOMI told him. Mr. Bosker, it appeared, was no ordinary sailor. He was pretty important. After he had written down Naomi's name and address and telephone number, he jumped to the landing and disappeared for a few minutes. He came back saying: "It's okay, Miss. You climb in here and sit in the middle. It'll be steadier." He helped her in like a gentleman. She noticed that Mr. Bosker had an eagle sewed on the sleeve of his blue jumper. The other sailors standing around the boat didn't. Mr. Bosker was their boss and he ran the boat.

The ride out to the ship was swell, if you forgot to notice the smell of oil and dead fish. Naomi felt a little scared at first, but Mr. Bosker grinned at her, standing there in the back end. He certainly could run a boat. It was really wonderful the way Mr. Bosker could keep his balance. They passed a lot of ships that all looked alike, but Mr. Bosker knew the Arizona, all righty. He steered the boat alongside a ladder hanging from the top part of the ship.

"Wanta watch your skirts, Sis," he said politely. The wind was blowing pretty fierce and Naomi blushed.

Mr. Bosker turned the boat over to just an ordinary sailor and helped Naomi onto the ladder. He had to stay behind, though, saying: "I'm on duty, but there'll be plenty to show you around."

Naomi followed two dozen men and women and children to the main deck. There she saw a real officer. He wore gray gloves and had a big spyglass strapped around his neck. He was quite young and good-looking—though not as handsome as Mr. Bosker—and he was awful snooty. Naomi wanted to wander around by herself but the officer said: "Kindly stay with the party."

She didn't see anything very nice about a battleship. It was kinda like you thought a jail would be . . . all iron and painted gray and green and awful hot and stuffy downstairs. . . .

Mr. Bosker grinned in friendly fashion as the boat started back. At the landing she stopped to thank him.

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

Oh, it was terrible! Bill struck Mr. Costigan some very hard blows

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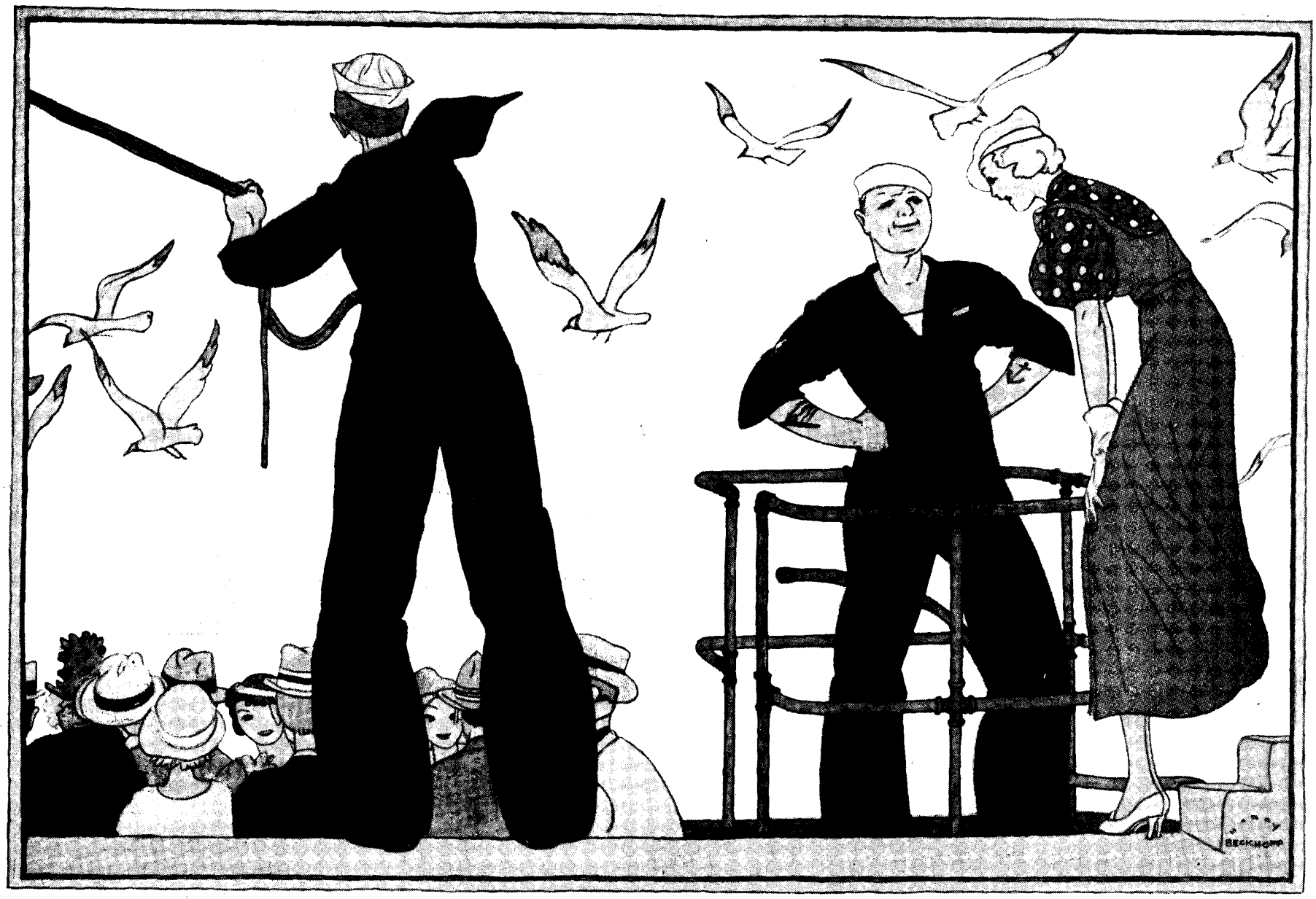

Mr. Bosker looked thoughtful. "You know the guy's name you was supposed to visit?" he asked

"It sure was awful educational," she said. "I had a very enjoyable time."

Mr. Bosker blew his nose on a bright bandanna handkerchief, with a flourish.

"You going back to L. A. by yourself?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Say . . . I get off at four-thirty. I got to drive into L. A. to see a guy. Be glad to give you a lift was you to wait."

"Oh, thank you . . . but I couldn't. I live way over in Glendale and that'd make me too late. Thanks, just the same."

Mr. Bosker nodded. His face got red.

"I don't believe we been introduced, at that."

"No, sir; we ain't."

NOW, had Mr. Bosker been an ordinary sailor without the proper respect for a decent girl he'd have said: "Aw, that don't matter, cutie," or somepin. But Mr. Bosker was a true gentleman. He said: "I'm William T. Bosker, cox'n, U. S. Navy, and if you ever need a friend call on me."

"I surely will do that, Mr. Bosker," said Naomi. "Thanks for fixing everything up."

"Don't mention it, Sis."

Naomi rode back alone to Grandma's little bungalow in Glendale. She was very sorry that her and Bill Bosker didn't have any mutual friends so they could be introduced. Mr. Bosker was a real gentleman and not at all like the sailors the other girls talked about. She would of liked to talk to him about his experiences. A man like Mr. Bosker—why it would be real educative to hear him tell about foreign lands, and so forth.

Grandma Stillson was in the front yard pouring water on the roses.

"Where on earth have you been, Naomi?"

"Oh, I went for a street car ride."

"Did you visit the flowers?"

"Yeah."

Grandma beamed. She was a big shot in the Flower Hearts of Truth cult. As nearly as Naomi could make out—why, Grandma believed a prophet named Iscundurah wrote the truth in the hearts of flowers. Naomi thought Grandma a little cracked on the subject, but otherwise she was dear and good. Awful strict, though, and she didn't approve of sailors. Naomi's mother was dead; her father worked for an oil company in Texas and sent a check every month . . . almost every month.

That evening the telephone rang.

"Is this Miss Stillson?"

"Yeah."

"This is Bill Bosker talking. I'm downtown."

"Oh, you are?"

"Yeah . . . and . . . uh . . . I thought I might drive by your place."

"That'd be fine but . . . we have company. . . ."

"Oh. Company."

"It's my grandma's company. Listen . . . could you drive by the corner of Alamo and Ensenada?"

"Yeah. Guess I could."

"About eight-thirty?" Naomi suggested.

"Okay, Sis. I'll be there."

Well, she practically had to fib to Mr. Bosker, didn't she? He had called up in a perfectly nice way to ask if he could call at her house. After all, you couldn't explain to Mr. Bosker over the phone that your grandma doesn't approve of sailors and, besides, that your grandma talks to every fella who comes to see you about reading the hearts of flowers.

NAOMI was at the corner ten minutes early. She had explained to Grandma she was going to Virgie Smith's house and had called Virgie to make sure the explanation would stand a re-check.

Mr. Bosker arrived grandly, fifteen minutes late, in a rattletrap touring car of enormous bulk. There was another sailor with him; this fellow rode in state in the high back seat.

"Hello."

"Hello."

"Been waiting long?"

"No. I just got here myself. I was so busy with the company."

"Meet my friend, Mr. Truinghasser."

"Pleased to meet you."

"Pleased to meet you."

"Well . . . I thought I'd drive by. I didn't know you was tied up or—"

"Oh, that's all right. Just some friends from Pasadena drove by to see Grandma."

"Well . . . I thought maybe you'd like to take in a movie. Uh . . . after I'd met your grandmother. But, of course—"

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Bosker. I was just thinking on the way back from Pedro . . . now, wasn't that silly of me not just to introduce myself. Of course, a person has got to be careful, but so long as a gentleman understands how I am, not making friends the way some girls do, why . . ."

From the back seat: "You folks make up your minds what you're gonna do. I gotta date."

Naomi didn't really understand how it all happened, but presently she discovered herself sitting beside Mr. Bosker and driving toward Los Angeles. It developed that Mr. Truinghasser, along with sundry other sailor lads designated as Wilbur, Ernest and Cy, formed a corporation which owned the automobile. It had been leased to Mr. Bosker on a part-time basis and Mr. Truinghasser was to use the machine while she and Mr. Bosker attended the Orpheum.

IT WAS a lovely evening and Naomi was firmly established in the conviction that Mr. Bosker was not like other sailors. Mr. Bosker was the most educative fella to talk to she had ever met. You could ask Mr. Bosker about any country you could think of; sure enough, he'd been there. He was wonderful!

They didn't see much of the Orpheum show. Mr. Bosker got fussed at some of the jokes and said: "That hadn't ought to be allowed." They went walking to a Chinese chop-suey place and ate chicken chow mein. Mr. Bosker said you couldn't buy chop suey or chow mein anywhere in China. Imagine! The dumb Chinks didn't know about it. They ate birds' nests and canned spaghetti and ducks' feet.

Timidly she asked Mr. Bosker questions about his work. It seemed like Mr. Bosker wasn't exactly a real officer and he wasn't a sailor. He was a sort of half-officer and really more valuable to the government than either sailors or officers. Mr. Bosker frequently advised Commander Gaithra, the exec, how to run things on the ship.

(Continued on page 34)

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Between Friends

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Colette

Illustrated by Harry Anderson

THE day the young soldier reached home, his wife was not there to greet him. But Vorace, his collie, enveloped him like a flame. She quivered with surprise at this new sight of him. She licked his ankles and his hands with a tongue pale with emotion. Inseparable friend of his bachelor days, he had entrusted her to his young wife at the moment of their first separation. And now, while she was whining out her joy, Lucie, the maid, bustled about noisily and cried:

"What a shame! Madame has just gone to the country for overnight to close her father's cottage. She wanted to be sure the tenants had left everything in good order. . . . But it's not far away and if you want me to go out and send her a telegram tonight she'll be here in time for lunch tomorrow. . . . If she was here now she'd have me cook something special for your supper. . . . What shall it be?"

"I'll leave that to you, Lucie."

In the mirror he examined his rough, bluish face, the color of Breton granite. The dog, standing near him in adoring silence, was trembling in every hair. The master smiled at the notion that there was a resemblance between them, the collie, too, bluish gray and rugged.

"Vorace."

She raised worshipful eyes up to the man. Her look suddenly made him think of his own love—Jeanne, very young and very gay—a little too young, often too gay.

Together they ate their supper—master and dog. Faithful to the ritual of their former life, she snapped up the mouthfuls of bread and meat. She responded proudly to all his commands to show her tricks. The burning bliss of having him back again, and unshared, wiped out for her the long months of waiting.

"You have certainly missed me," he bent his head to say to her. "Yes, you too."

HALF reclining on the divan, he began to smoke his pipe. The dog, lying stretched out as still as a marble greyhound before the door of a tomb, only pretended to sleep. She moved neither her head nor her ears. Only her eyebrows, lifted at the slightest noise, betrayed her vigilance.

The stillness of the room dulled the worn-out man. With one hand he dreamily stroked the soft velvet of a sofa pillow. Thinking to shake off his drowsiness, he took up a book and glanced in it, here and there. He fingered some new knickknacks. He looked at a photograph he had not seen before, Jeanne in bare arms and a short skirt, standing in a field.

"A snapshot. . . . Charming!"

On the back of the negative he read, "June 5, 1932."

"I was . . . let me think, where was I? . . . Down in the South . . . the 5th of June. . . . I don't recognize the handwriting."

He sat down again, so tired his mind felt numb. Ten o'clock struck. The dog got up.

"Lie down," said the soldier drowsily. "Be quiet."

But Vorace did not lie down again. She yawned, stretched out her paws, which in dog language is equivalent to saying, "Put on your hat, and come out." She went up to her master and her yellow eyes asked unmistakably:

"Well, how about it?"

"Well," he answered, "what's the matter with you? Want a drink of water? Want to go for a walk?"

At the word "walk," she laughed and began to pant softly, showing her beautiful teeth and her fleshy tongue, so like a broad, pink petal.

"All right. Come on, we'll go. But just a short walk, you understand. I'm dead tired."

In the street Vorace, excited, barked like a wolf, leaped up even to her master's shoulders, pounced showily after a black cat, merrily chased her tail round and round so that she looked like a toy railway train. Her master scolded her with affection in his voice, and she strutted proudly before him. At last she restrained her spirits and walked along with dignity.

THE man enjoyed the mild evening air and followed whither the dog led, uttering softly his wayward thoughts:

"I shall see Jeanne tomorrow. . . . Tonight I shall have a good night's sleep. Seven whole days of freedom!"

He noticed that the collie ahead had looked back and was waiting for him under a street lamp with the same air of impatience as before they started out. Her eyes, her tail and all her body seemed to ask, "Well, are you coming?"

He caught up to her. With a well-considered little trot she turned the corner of the street.

At that, he understood that she had a definite goal.

"Perhaps," he said to himself, "the maid is accustomed . . . or Jeanne . . ."

He stopped a second; then went on, following the dog without once being aware that he was no longer tired, or sleepy, or that contentment had slipped from him.

He hastened his step and the happy dog trotted on in front of him like the good guide that she was.

"Go on, go on," the man ordered from time to time.

He stopped, looked up and read the name of the street, then he went on again. No passers-by, little homes, dimly lighted gardens. Excited, the dog once or twice came running back to him, and once nibbled at his swinging hand. He struck her, checking a brutal impulse he could not explain to himself.

Finally, she stopped.

"Here we are."

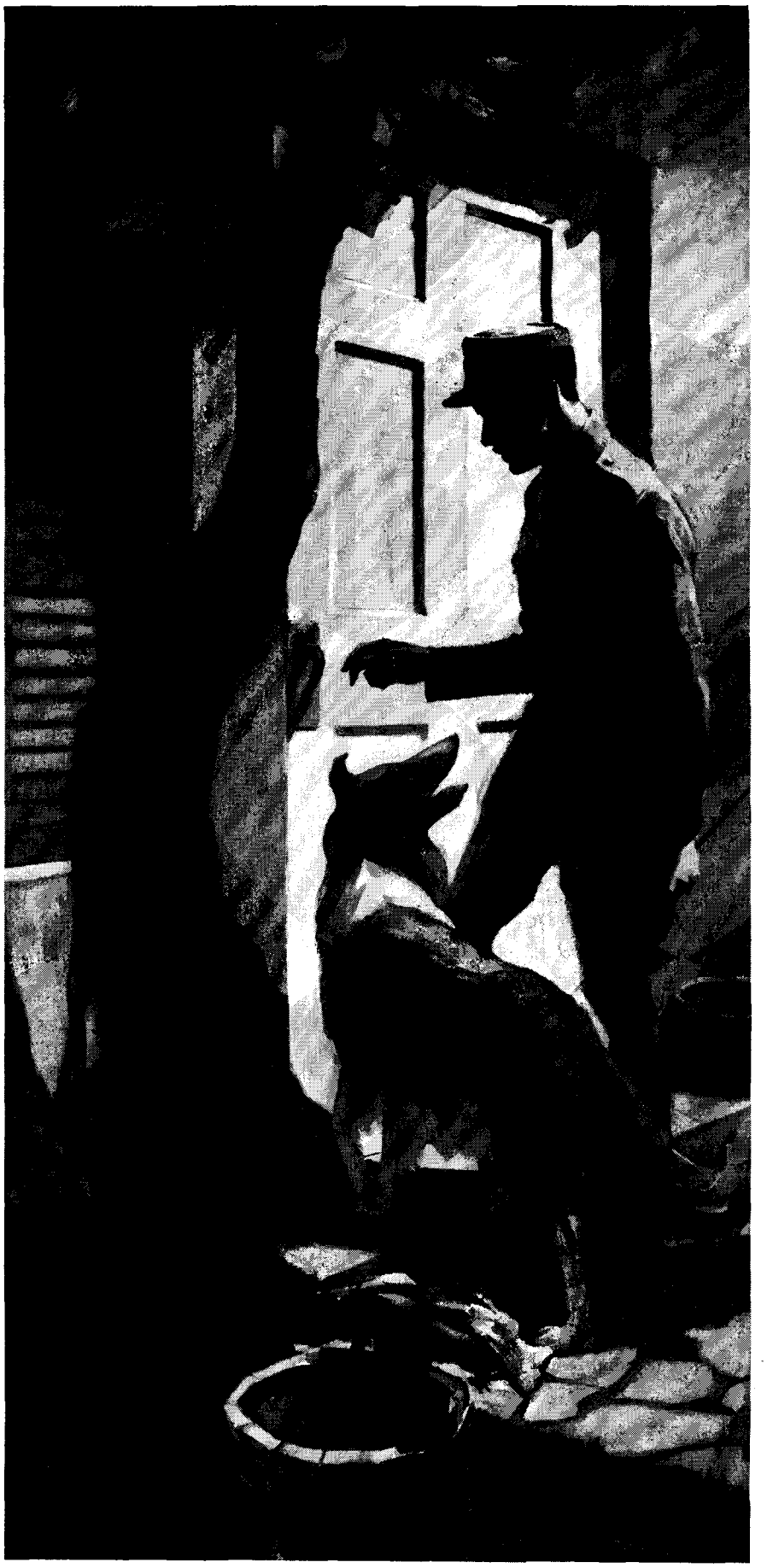
They were in front of an old wrought-iron gate which protected the garden of a little, low house covered with woodbine and a belated trumpet vine—a little one-story house, veiled and shy.

"Well, open it," said the collie, stopping in front of a low wooden door.

The soldier raised his hand to the latch, but he let it fall again. He leaned toward the dog, pointed out to her a thread of light running along the closed blinds and asked her in a low tone, "Who's there? Jeanne?"

The dog let out a sharp "Ha" and barked.

"Hush," whispered the man, closing his hand over the dog's moist, cool jaw. Again he stretched out a hesitant arm toward the door. The dog jumped up. But the master drew her back by the collar, and led her to the other side of the street, where he gazed at the unfamiliar house, and the streak of rosy light.



"Well, open it," said the collie, stopping in front of the door

HE SAT down on the pavement, the collie beside him looking up into his face. Ideas about a possible betrayal were very vague in his mind. But now he felt singularly alone, and weak.

"Do you love me?" he whispered into the dog's ear. She licked his cheek.

"Come on. We're going."

They started up. This time the man walked on ahead. When once again they were back in the little sitting-room, she watched him while he gathered up his slippers, his pipes—a few belongings and put them in a bag all too familiar to her. Respectfully and disconsolately, she followed all his movements; and tears, golden colored, trembled in her yellow eyes. To assure her, he took her by the collar.

"You're going with me. You shall never leave me again. I don't want you to be able to tell me the rest. . . . As it is now, perhaps I'm mistaken. . . . I may have misunderstood what you meant. . . . But you must not stay here any longer. Your soul was not made to have any secrets that you cannot share with me."

And while the collie trembled confused, he took her warm h
big hands and spoke to her

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Cold Trails

By Alan LeMay

John Gannam

Except for the occasional eerie moaning of a hound, the silence of death was on the Red Sleep

The Story Thus Far:

A BLOOD-STAINED saddle belonging to Lon Magoon, a cattle thief, is found on the 94 ranch. And Magoon has disappeared. The inference is obvious: "Horse" Dunn (who manages the 94 for his niece, Marian Dunn) is the murderer, for he and Magoon had quarreled.

To young Billy Wheeler—who, in love with Marian, is well aware that the girl regards him merely as a friend—Dunn protests his innocence. The killing, he says, is part of a plot aimed at his downfall by his enemies. The ranch is facing bankruptcy. To save it, Dunn has sold his own outfit in Arizona. But his partner, Bob Flagg, en route with the proceeds, has failed to arrive—has mysteriously vanished. And the bankers (who will certainly not lend money to a man suspected of a serious crime) are beginning to press him.

A series of exciting adventures follow for Wheeler and the old ranchman. And Wheeler learns that Dunn is correct: the men who hate him—Link Bender; The Kid, Link's son; Pinto Halliday; Rufe Deane; Sam Caldwell; Sheriff Amos and many others—are determined to ruin him utterly. . . . Another man—Cayuse Cayetano, a half-breed tracker—is murdered on the ranch. Whereupon Old Man Coffee (noted for his ability to follow trails with hounds), who has been at work on the mystery, announces that the man who was killed in Lon Magoon's saddle *was not Lon Magoon!* He adds that he is weary of being lied to by the men of the 94; and Dunn, insulted, orders him to leave. He does so; not, however, until he has whispered to Wheeler (whom he likes): "Be up on Lost Whisky Butte tomorrow an hour after sunup. Come alone. You'll see something interesting. . . ."

Still Bob Flagg, expected daily with the funds which will save the ranch, does not arrive. To Wheeler and Dunn it begins to appear as though he may have been the murdered man—the one in Magoon's saddle! . . . A hidden enemy, shooting at night from near the ranch-house, tries to kill Marian. Unable to catch the would-be assassin, Wheeler starts for Lost Whisky Butte. To his amazement, Marian (who has guessed the reason for his departure) joins him, insists on riding with him. Wheeler is in a dark mood. He now feels sure that the girl is in love with Val Douglas, the 94's wagon boss. "Let's be friends," Marian whispers. She puts out her hand. Wheeler takes it. Then—

"I somehow feel," the girl says, "that something dreadful is just before us!"

VII

AS COFFEE, with his dogs about him, rode out to meet Wheeler and Marian Dunn from Lost Whisky Butte, the girl pushed her horse ahead. She stopped close to the old man, facing him squarely.

"He tried to keep me from coming," she told Coffee, "but there wasn't anything he could really do. Now, if you want me to go back, I will."

Old Man Coffee grinned. Wheeler had wondered how Old Man Coffee would take Marian's unexpected appearance at the rendezvous. But now it seemed to Billy that he himself was the outsider. "What's this lout doing here?" Coffee asked, jerking his head at Billy.

"He isn't a lout."

Coffee moved his mule nearer Marian's pony, and leaned forward to peer into her eyes. Then he laid a bony old hand on her shoulder. "Child, what happened to you?"

"Nothing."

"Something did, though," Wheeler contradicted. He told Coffee of the shot from the brush.

The old hunter scowled; he looked as nearly startled as they had ever seen him look. "This changes the whole setup," he complained. "I thought I had it licked. I thought I could pretty near give names and cases. But—this smears it."

"I don't follow that," Marian said.

"Neither do I," Coffee said, dismissing discussion. He turned to Wheeler: "You told her what we aimed to try?"

"No."

"Well, you should have. This is a kind of a sad, dark job we're on today, girl. We're going to try to find the—the man that was killed at Short Crick."

"I guessed that," Marian said.

"But you come anyway. Huh! Seems like there's more to you than meets the eye. But don't you think you better go back? For one thing, there's going to be an awful lot of riding to this job, child."

"I'll stick till I'm sent back."

"Well, I wouldn't downright send you back—yet."

Old Man Coffee led off to the northeast, his sleepy-eared mule in an ambling shuffle, and they rode in silence for a little way. Coffee signaled to them to come abreast.

"Maybe you've wondered some," he said, "why I've been kind of prowling around of nights, as your wagon boss was at pains to make known. Well, I guess it won't hurt nothing to tell how a thing like this is done. Did you ever listen to coyote voices of a night, Marian?"

"I couldn't very well help it, could I?"

"THERE'S a funny thing about them. More things interest coyotes than you'd expect. And if something kind of strange and interesting happens on the range, all of 'em know it, all over the desert. We'd learn queer things from 'em if we could understand their talk a little better."

Old Man Coffee let his keen, deep-set old eyes drift along the horizon landmarks. "One of the things a coyote takes interest in," he said, "is a man that's dead."

The brassy desert sun was high by then, pouring an incredible, eye-stunning light upon all that vast range; but even there in all that brilliance of daylight a queer, cold chill touched the back of Marian's neck as she listened to the gaunt old lion hunter.

"Not that it's any of their business," Coffee went on. "Coyotes won't touch a dead man; neither will a loafer wolf. But they'll circle around, and kind of wail and sing. Once before this I found out where a corpse was hid by listening to the coyote voices at night."

"I've heard of that," said Billy Wheeler; "but I took it to be the bunk."

"It's pretty hard with coyotes," said Coffee, "because there's so many of 'em, and they talk so much. Mighty hard, too, to tell what way the yapping comes from. This time, though, we got a break. There's a loafer wolf on the range. He'll only talk about certain things, and maybe speak only two, three times in a week. So when he lets out the same kind of queer cry, in the same place three or four nights in a row, a man begins to wonder."

Coffee's matter-of-fact words conjured up a strange picture of the old lion hunter standing alone out on the night desert, listening to weird, ghostly voices far off—the voices of animals that drifted like shadows through some lost rift of brush, and talked about a man who was dead.

(Continued on page 46)

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Illustrated by Ray Rohn

They have formed habits which they won't like to give up

Bar that Swinging Door!

By Don Marquis

A BULLETIN FROM ARCHY
THE COCKROACH

dear boss when the barrooms
are open legal once more
i suppose us cockroaches will get
a chance at some really good
free lunch again
say what you will the speakeasy
free lunch has never been the same thing
it has been just a parody
of the old days
and another trouble with the speakeasy
has been that too many women
get into them
women and cockroaches are natural
born enemies
as soon as the amend-
ment is repealed
and the old time bar
comes again
the women of america
will get a fighting chance
to reform themselves poor
things archy

ARCHY brings up an interesting point here—if and when the old open saloon comes back, what will the Drinking Women do?

They have had the run of the speakeasy, and formed habits which they won't like to give up too easily.

Men don't want them in the barrooms; it cramps the masculine style. One thing men liked about the old pre-war bar was that women couldn't come in; it was a refuge and an escape from matrimony and domesticity.

Will women have strictly feminine saloons, when saloons come again? We must remember that prohibition brought us a problem that we never had until the last fifteen years . . . the problem of the Drinking Woman. There are some millions of her now . . . and what are we going to do with her when the speakeasy goes? She has gained privileges which she will probably fight against giving up.

Have a coeducational barroom?

"Only," I heard the Old Soak saying, "over my dead body!"

Nearly every man thinks he would turn into something quite remarkable if his wife would only let him cut loose.

WANTS AND OPPORTUNITIES

—

Moving picture executive would like to hire insane artist to manage business; present help not insane, only dull.

Young man about to leave college will exchange classical library and M. A. degree for opening in beer racket.

Theatrical producer will trade stock in shoe-string factory for space in storage warehouse.

"I HAD a long, hard fight of it, but I've won!" said the Old Soak.

"It won't be long now afore the breweries and distilleries is runnin' full blast, and the barrooms is open legal and friendly like they used to be—yes, sir, prosperity is comin' back!

"Or, if it don't mean the depression is over at once, it means we can get some good liquor to help us through what's left of it.

"For fifteen years I been fightin' day and night for the official return of common sense—and I guess I had more to do with repealin' that Eighteenth Commandment than most anyone else—and now that I won my battle, you'd think I'd go out and lift a few to celebrate, wouldn't you?

"Well, I ain't gonna do it!

"Believe it or not, but I been drinkin' a whole lot more'n I wanted to drink for some years now, just as a matter of principle!

"Many's the time I wished I could quit drinkin' and rest a while, the last fifteen years!

"But it wasn't no time to stop—no, sir, not with that blot still on the national 'scutcheon! All us drinkin' men had to keep the protest goin', even at the risk of our lives! Why, I used to drink that terrible bootleg liquor day in and day out when I thought that the next drink would be my last! But I held myself to my duty by the sheer force of my immense self-control!

"And soon I'll be able to relax a little, and build up my health with good stuff.

"It was a long, hard fight, but in the end I won!"

BIG EMPTY HOUSE

I

Great empty temples (with the gods left out!)
Challenge the moon's remoteness, rake the sky;
But one regards their grandeur with a doubt,
Remembering that Babel rose as high
And then in idiot confusion fell—
Although the heavens did not deign to thunder,
Nor any seismic blast shot up from hell
To burn the stone and wrench the brass asunder.
It was vacuity which pulled it down,
Breaking its shell as water bubbles burst;
And so when any tall and braggart town
Lacks soul and plan its bones must be dispersed.
For all things fall which are not based on thought:
Splendor and beauty must be dreamed, not bought.

II

But mingle comprehension with your scorn.
The childish minds which set this eminence
To boast against the sunset and the morn
Had the Child's notion of magnificence—
"Big, big! A big house which my hands have raised!
Oh, come and see my big house in the sun!
It makes *me* big! I built it to be praised!"
'Twas some such mood saw this big house begun,
Mixed with its mortar, hammered out its steel,
And called the world to witness and admire:
A mood part barbarous and part infantile.
Which cries at last: "Had I but built it Higher,
Men must have worshipped this big house of mine!"
Unseeing still 'tis but a vacant shrine.

III

One almost hopes some younger deity,
Swift-wing'd with mirth, and seeing this prepared,
May pause a space and, half in irony,
Reveal some Dream which elder tribes have shared
To gild our stony vanity of Deed!
May give a Meaning and vouchsafe a Thought,
May dwell here smiling and invent a creed,
Utter sane oracles (which none has sought);
Endow this vast and echoing Vacantness
With shining purpose and the lyric word—
Rocking with lenient laughter, stoop to bless
Our palace halls of the Inane-Absurd!
But no such easy miracle prepends:
Our tribe grows up and thinks, or else it ends.

IV

Big! big! the first obsession of the Child!
So big we built our emptiness, so high,
That gold and dross in lifting ranges piled
Bulged out the gorged dimensions of the sky;
Oblivious of meaning, use or art,
We builded of a billion trivial things
In which the rejected Spirit had no part—
For, "Big!" we cried. "Big!" cried our childish kings;
But now a tremor shakes it, plinth and spire:
Unless a Soul be quarried to buttress it,
It falls and fills its cellars, where the fire
Even now licks upward from the Nether Pit.
Say, did we plan new Needles' Eyes so broad
That we might gallop camels up to God?

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Meeting in April

By Brassil Fitzgerald

A romance of the campus, where you can't always believe what you hear in the moonlight

A WINDOW shade whirred.

"Get up, you big egg. It's spring!"

"Scram! It'll be spring all day." Jerry Brandt rolled over, blinking in the sudden April sunshine. He didn't have to look. There was only one Dink Potter. That didn't help. Now he was shaking the bed. Jerry sat up, grinning sleepily, a big-shouldered, young, black-haired giant. "Dink, you're a pest."

Dink, round-faced and happy, sat down on two chairs, one for his oxfords. "Get up, Handsome; hear the birdies singing?"

Jerry yawned. "I hear a freshman taking out ashes."

Dink shook his head. "You're just another big athlete, Jerry. No brains. No sense of the beautiful. As Prof. Thorne says—never mind that. The Kappas are throwing a house party and I got you a girl."

"No blind dates for me," Jerry said.

Dink lit a cigarette thoughtfully. "Mister, when I pick 'em, they're good. Your date's Carew, the lumberman's child. She's visiting the Kappas. We're going up to her old man's place at Deep Lake. She's a little beauty. And she's dying to meet you—more or less."

"What do you mean, more or less?"

Dink tapped ashes on the floor. "Her date got the flu. So I says, 'Don't cry, my good girl, I'll get you Jerry Brandt, Three-letter Brandt, the pride of the Sigmas.' "

Jerry was out on the floor now; six rangy feet of him, stretching lazily, superbly indifferent to windows, muscles rippling under brown skin. A swell day. Swell to be a senior in April, to have Dink for a pal. Swell to be alive, and thinking of breakfast.

Dink watched him without approval. "You're too big, Jerry. There's too much of you. Well—'Dry your eyes, maiden,' I told her, 'I'll bring along Brandt.' "

Jerry reached for a sweat-shirt and tumbled cords. "What'd she say?"

Dink chuckled. "She said, 'Those three-letter men are so dumb.' Think that over, Big Boy."

Jerry thought it over on the way to Deep Lake. He sat beside the Carew girl, not liking her driving. She hit the loose gravel too fast.

Too good-looking, kind of bored and high hat. Can't forget her old man's Montana timber, he decided, watching the hills flatten out under the big car's windy speed. They crossed the river, a brown flood, ragged with logs going down to the mills, and turned north, toward the mountains.

When he got tired of watching the road, he could watch the curve of her cheek, the careless slant of a blue béret, chestnutty hair curling over a small ear.

"My name is Michaele," she said presently. "With an *e* on the end. Dad wanted a boy." She slowed down for sheep in the road. "I think it's a nice name myself. Michaele Carew. It sounds like a silver bell."

The sheep answered her, baaing in the road. She saw Jerry's grin.

"What's your name?" she asked, as they left the dust and the bleating behind.

"Jerry. Jeremiah Brandt."

"That," she said scornfully, "sounds like coal in a chute."

"Suits me," he said.

"Yes." Now she was smiling.

Fresh little thing.

They rode on in the windy sunshine. Logan at four o'clock. A boy in front of the drug store shouted at Jerry; a grocery truck tooted raucously as they passed. Jerry waved back.

Michaele Carew said, "It must be nice to be famous."

"I live here," Jerry explained stiffly. "My dad's in the forestry service. You'll skid in this gravel."

Beyond the "Goodby—Come Again" sign and the last gas station, they left the main road. They were climbing steadily now, getting into the big tamaracks. Patches of snow, where the sun didn't reach, crusted mud in the hollows, cold blue dusk creeping out of the timber.

The girl said, "You're one of those big, silent men, aren't you?"

"Just dumb," Jerry answered. "We're like that, we three-letter men."

He watched her cheek flush. After a moment she said, "You were nice to come, after that."

"I wanted," he said, "to see what you were like."

"Oh! What am I like?"

Jerry's voice was indifferent. "I don't know. Like a co-ed."

A small chin lifted. "You might at least say a pretty one."

He grinned. "If you like redheads."

"It's not red."

Around the bend of the road were the other cars, radiators steaming. Prof. Thorne with pussy willows; Dink with a vacuum bottle.

THEY reached Deep Lake at dark. A boathouse, a great lodge, guest cabins scattered through the pines. The caretaker and his wife were expecting them.

At midnight, tired of dancing, they gathered around the great stone hearth; eleven of them, five couples, and Prof. Thorne trying not to be chaperonish. Ruddy light moved on gun barrels and antlers, on dark polished wood, on Prof. Thorne's earnest glasses. On Michaele Carew, flat on a rug, her chin in cupped hands, staring into the flames.

Jerry, listening to the others, watched her. A sullen little profile, somehow defiant and wistful, hair like mahogany in the firelight, nice off the neck. Michaele Carew, he thought; it did sound like bells. She was ignoring him now, snooty all evening. A girl like that expected you to fall for her. He grinned, thinking, "Not this brother." Jerry was indifferent to girls, immune. His sophomore year, there had been a blond Theta. Crazy about him until a Kappa Sig came along—on eight cylinders. A fellow had to learn. All right, he'd learned.

Michaele Carew was kicking her heels, watching him under her lashes.

Jerry and Dink shared a guest cabin. They found a fire burning and the covers pulled back. Dink, with both pillows behind him, lit his last cigarette. "I like this wild life," he said. "Primitive, that's me. How'd you make out with Carew?"

Jerry said, "Shove over. That jane needs a paddling."

Dink crushed out his cigarette. "Independent, aren't you?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"I know, Big Feller. You took the forestry exams. Forget that. They've got plenty of rangers. This girl's old man owns the Montana Lumber Co."

"Give me a pillow," said Jerry. "What of it?"

"What of it? Be nice to her. Get an invite up here in June. The old boy will be here."

"And then what?"

Dink groaned. "Oh, use your head. Creep up behind him and say, 'Lafayette, I am here.' Push him off the dock and then pull him out. Get in right with Carew and you can come back in ten years and tell the boys how you did it. You know, the old apple polish. Education is the key to success. I'll sit down front and give you the bird."

"The warden won't let you," said Jerry. "Go to sleep, will you?"

They woke to the drumming of rain. A gray day. A warm chinook wind moaned in the pines and gray clouds hid the peaks.

Breakfast and a long morning, bridge, boy-and-girl talk, old magazines and cigarettes. Prof. Thorne ventured out for a row and returned, to stand, his back to the fire. "The boat seat was wet," he remarked.

Dink yawned on the divan. "It's a wet rain, Prof."

"I feel that," Thorne said mildly.

A prof had privileges. But they rolled Dink on the floor.

TOWARD noon it cleared. After lunch they went out for a hike. On the porch, Jerry told Michaele, "We ought to be going back. These chinooks are tricky."

"But it's clearing," she protested.

Jerry looked at the pale disk of sun, at the storm clouds veiling the mountains. "If the wind shifts to the north, we'll get snow."

The voices of the others were going away up the trail. Michaele shrugged, impatient. "Don't worry," she said; "we'll get you home."

Jerry flushed. "O. K. It's your party."

They climbed the ridge and found a few flowers: crocuses, purple and white. Below them the lake lay under mist. A deer looked at them through the trees and was gone without a sound, a flash of white tail.

On the trail back, Thorne said to Jerry, "You're a senior, aren't you? What are you going to do?"

"I've been thinking that over," said Jerry. "Sell lumber, I guess."

Thorne had stopped to fill his pipe. "And why lumber? Like it?"

Jerry grinned. "There's big money in it, Prof. I'd like that."

"I'm going up to Clearwater

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Thorne said mildly, "You've been exposed to an education, Jerry. I guess it didn't take."

Jerry looked at him. "Why? What's wrong with business?"

"Nothing at all." Thorne was serious, a little fellow with glasses. "We need business men, men to make the wheels go, and be well paid for it. But you seem to be going into business just for big money. You want a lot of playthings, I suppose. An educated man doesn't need so many playthings."

"What playthings?" Jerry asked patiently.

Thorne smiled around his brier. "Hunting lodges, for instance. Foreign cars, Parisian pretties; they're just toys for adults."

"Maybe so," Jerry said. Thorne was a queer egg.

Michaele was waiting for them on the trail below. "You have to watch these big forestry students," she said brightly to Thorne. "They get lost in the woods."

It would be, Jerry decided, a pleasure to spank her.

It was late when they started for home. Michaele stayed, talking to the caretaker's wife, while Jerry sat in the car. The others had gone ahead. There was no wind. The tamaracks dripped in the stillness, and the lake was dark glass.

As they swung out to the road, Jerry said, "It's going to snow."

"You just think that," she smiled.

Jerry waited, watching the road. The wind was coming back, from the north now. It began to grow dark. Michaele switched on the lights. Snowflakes drifted into the glare.

"Looks like snow," Jerry said. "I told you."

She gave him a quick, angry look. "I don't like you, Jerry Brandt."

"The perfect hostess," he said.

Frowning, she drove recklessly into the gloom of the timber. The wind was getting loud in the tamaracks. The snow came on, fogging the headlights, blurring out the road.

"Better give me that wheel," he suggested quietly. "You'll be off the road in a minute."

She stopped and they changed seats. The car was a little pocket in the storm. Jerry went ahead slowly, feeling along the ruts. "We'll be all right," he said.

AND then suddenly, terrifyingly, the storm came at them. It came roaring down on them. A slow gathering of sound, a tearing crescendo, a great shattering crash. The car skidded to a stop. A huge, black trunk—a tamarack—lay across the road.

Jerry looked at the speedometer. "Only two miles out of Logan. That's a break."

"Can't we stay here?" Michaele asked, like a child.

"And wait for another one? No chance. Button up." He saw her fingers trembling. "Don't be scared," he said gently. "We'll make it. Only be sure you stick close."

She gave him a gallant, frightened smile. "Try and lose me."

Beyond the big tree, they took the road together, hands locked, heads down, into the storm. . . .

At last, beautifully, a light bloomed in the night. The road became smooth under their feet. More lights and then houses, lovely houses, breaking the wind.

Jerry's voice was big with relief. "My place," he shouted; "just a block more."

She clung to him then, crying, "I can't. My ankle."

His arms gathered her in and lifted her easily. "Hang on to my neck." She hung.

Not long then, a moment or two, and they were out of the storm. A porch light shone on them.

"You can put me down," she said. "I guess I'm all right."

He was breathing deeply, holding her firmly. "Your ankle's all right," he said. "That's old stuff." And he kissed her unhurriedly.

"So is kissing," she said coldly.

The door opened, spilling out light and warmth and a confusion of voices.

A half hour later, Michaele, out of a hot bath, came downstairs in flannel pajamas and a purple dressing gown; a tousled head and shining dark eyes. "How do I look?" she asked shyly.

Jerry was at the phone, calling the

(Continued on page 29)

Illustrated by George de Zayas

and wring someone's neck," he told her. "I wish it was yours"

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Slander

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

MARTHA BLAISDELL, New York society girl, leaves a party, hails a taxi, directs the driver to take her to the apartment house, where, an orphan, she lives alone. The night is a stormy one. The car skids, is wrecked.

It is late. The driver is obviously intoxicated. The girl leaps from the car, rushes through the nearest doorway. A man greets her—a tall, angular young man, with fiery-red hair and freckles. He is, she learns, Dr. Peter Baxter, in charge of St. John's Clinic. He listens to her story, offers to drive her home in his own car.

The taxi-driver lurches in. He insists that the girl was responsible for the accident; then—"I want fifty bucks!" Whereupon Baxter grasps the intruder's arm. "Get out!" he says. The man, terrified, bolts.

Martha permits Baxter to drive her home. She finds him a strange blend of gentleness and crudeness. He does not attempt to flatter her. She leaves him, a trifle doubtful but rather inclined to like him. . . .

Following a week-end party at the Long Island estate of Trudie Lemming and her husband, Bob—Martha and Herbie Cranston return to New York in Cranston's car. They have just met, and Cranston—a wealthy explorer, who, hitherto, has never been in love—finds himself becoming interested in the girl. . . . During that drive, Martha is far from happy. From Trudie Lemming she has learned some alarming news: Her broker, Gerald Gerrish, who, since the death of her father, has been handling her little estate, has been spreading scandalous rumors about her. A married man, he has been insinuating, subtly, in the circles to which Martha (out of kindness) has given him entrée, that he and Martha are having "an affair"—that he is supporting her!

Leaving Cranston, the girl meets Gerrish at her apartment. She tells him what she has heard, demands a financial statement so that she can turn to another adviser. Gerrish professes to be astounded, shocked. . . . While dressing for dinner, Martha's thoughts drift to Cranston. Not in love with him, she likes him, admires him. Then and there she makes a sudden decision: If he asks her to marry him, she is going to accept him! . . . The maid enters, announces that a *Doctor Baxter* had called that afternoon. Martha shrugs faintly. "So," she muses, "he's one of the *pushing kind!*"

II

A PUSHING young man. But that wasn't quite fair to the young doctor of St. John's Clinic. Martha was in a mood that made her unjust to people. Gerry had, for the moment, prejudiced her against men. After all, even if she had said, when Baxter suggested calling, that she would prefer dropping in at his clinic, she hadn't definitely forbidden him to call.

Still, it was presuming a bit on the slight service he had rendered her. Then she berated herself for her own attitude. Was she a snob? If Baxter had happened to be — well, somebody like Herbert Cranston, who knew all her friends, would she have thought it presumptuous of him to attempt to improve on a chance meeting? Then why, because Baxter was an obscure charity physician, did she condemn him because he permitted himself an ordinary courtesy? She smiled as in her thoughts she used the word "courtesy." Certainly the young doctor had not shown himself overburdened with that quality the other night. Brusque to the point of rudeness he had been, rather.

Then, as she attacked her dinner with the frank appetite which was her healthy habit, she temporarily forgot her cavalier of St. John's Square. She brooded on Gerrish; she dallied with the mental image of Cranston; and after dinner she found herself possessed by a tremendous restlessness brought on by rage at her broker and tremors aroused in her by the possibilities of Cranston.

She was listening to her radio when Seena came into the living-room.

"Cook's got another spell, ma'am," said the maid.

Olga's "spells" were of fairly common occurrence, and were due to some obscure organic ailment. They were not dangerous, so Dr. Hartley, Martha's own physician, had decided, but they were decidedly uncomfortable and reduced the good-natured cook to a state of terror.

"Get Dr. Hartley," said Martha.

"He isn't in, ma'am," said Seena. "I telephoned and he was out and—and Olga is pretty bad this time, ma'am."

MARTHA went at once to the cook's room. Olga's vast bulk was writhing in her bed. Her mistress placed a hand on her forehead. The skin was hot and dry. And despite Hartley's apparent certainty that Olga's seizures were not dangerous, Martha felt quick alarm.

"But Dr. Hartley's assistant—couldn't you get him?" she asked Seena.

"He's off on some hurry call," replied the maid.

Olga groaned in anguish and Seena wrung her hands.

"Hadn't I better send to some hospital, ma'am?" she asked.

"Yes. Hurry," said Martha.

"What hospital, ma'am?" asked Seena.

"Good Lord, I don't know. Ask the operator—no, I'll phone."

She raced into the living-room and thumbed rapidly the pages of the telephone book. "Baxter, Peter, physician, St. John's Square."

She dialed the number and in a moment she heard the pleasant baritone of Baxter.

"This is Martha Blaisdell. My cook is ill. It's a kidney attack. Not dangerous but painful—very. Can you come right over? She'll need a morphine injection, and—"

"I'd rather diagnose the case myself, if you don't mind," said Baxter. "Be there in five minutes."

She hung up, face crimson. He was insolent, overbearing. . . . She returned to Olga's room, and she was making those futile gestures which the inexperienced always make in sick-rooms when Baxter arrived. And quite without realizing how it had come about, Martha found herself, with Seena, outside the cook's door.

He *was* insolent. He had hardly spoken to her. But he was competent. There was something reassuring in the mere manner in which he had sat down on the edge of the bed, taken Olga's pulse, her temperature. Nevertheless, Olga wasn't *dying*. He could have found time for a greeting, could have forborne showing so clearly that he found Olga's mistress in the way.

She was icy cool when, fifteen minutes later, Baxter found her in the living-room.

"SHE'S all right now," he said. "I gave her a quarter grain of morphine."

"That's what I told you Dr. Hartley always does," said Martha, conscious of a queer feeling of triumph.

"That's the only thing any doctor can do in a case of kidney colic," said Baxter. "Most terrible pain there is. Doesn't Hartley advise an operation?"

Martha nodded.

"Olga is afraid. She thinks each attack will be the last."

Baxter shrugged.

"Maybe it will. But, if she's had many— Hartley will be around tomorrow?"

"Oh, I think so," said Martha. "We couldn't get him, and I thought of you—you called this afternoon."

He inclined his head in assent.

"Ought to have known that you'd be in the country, a pleasant summer day like this. Fresh of me, wasn't it?"

"Fresh?" The suddenness of the at-

Gerrish turned to Cranston. "I guess you're all right.

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tack bewildered her for an instant.

"Of course it was. Don't know what was in my mind. Suddenly decided I wanted to see you again—and there I was—asking your doorman to announce me."

"You have these sudden decisions—often?" Martha asked.

"Never had one before. Haven't called on a girl in ten years. I trust the tribute is overpowering enough?"

His blue eyes, that had been stony hard as he entered Olga's room, were glinting with gayety now. Unwillingly, because anger still lingered at his earlier brusqueness, Martha smiled.

"You *are* confident, aren't you?" she said.

"Not really." He suddenly seemed very young. "You see—I'm hesitating about a decision—one even more vital than my calling on you this afternoon. It—it's on my nerves. And you know how that is—when something bothers you, and you can't make up your mind about it—you do the most extraordinary things to—well, to make your mind forget its harassment."

"Such as calling on a girl?" she asked.

"Well, that is extraordinary—for me," he said. "You see, a man's judgment can be swayed by his surroundings, by his occupation, by his habits of life. And he can make the wrong decision because he hasn't seen enough of—well, of another side of life."

"And I represent another side of life?" she asked.

"From mine?" He laughed with genuine amusement. "Rather! The idle butterfly, with no object save amusement, no desires save the gratification of the moment—but a man, thousands of miles off, might think of the things you represent, and might—unless he had full acquaintance with them—decide that those things were worth while, and that he'd made a mistake—"

"What ever on earth are you talking about?" she interrupted.

"I do seem to be wandering, don't I?" he parried. "Well, it's silly, but I'll tell you. I—I have a chance to go to China—oh, way into the interior. A foreign mission wants me to go. Oh, not as a missionary—I'm not too religious, I guess. But as a physician. They need doctors there. But I'd be completely alone. And I want to go. And yet I'm sort of afraid that—well, that after I got there I might feel that there were things back here, which I've never had, but that I ought to have had, that I need. Like you."

"Like *me?*" she gasped.

He nodded.

"YOUTH, beauty, charm, the social graces—all those things. I've had none of them. I haven't wanted them. I've been absorbed in my work. And I want to be more absorbed in it. But you—you disturbed me. No other woman ever has. But you did. And I wanted to see you, to make certain that the disturbance was slight, that it would pass away and not recur."

"I think," she said, "that you're the most extraordinary man I ever met."

"Why? Because I'm frank? Haven't other men told you, almost at sight, that you are attractive? That's really all I'm saying. Only, I'm wondering if the attraction has anything of permanence. I'm wondering if the fact that you're different from the poor women who come to me for treatment hasn't a little—*everything*—to do with the—the effect you had on me. So I wanted to see you again, to make certain—"

She laughed with genuine amusement now.

"You want to know if an operation is needed, or if mere routine treatment will effect a cure?"

He joined her in her mirth.

"I suppose that's it," he admitted.

"And in such a momentous crisis, even a comparative stranger ought to be willing to—serve as a sort of test tube, eh?"

"I humbly wondered if you would," he said.

"You may come for tea tomorrow." She smiled.

"I'll be here," he said.

She threw herself on the couch in the living-room and laughed until the tears came, after he had gone. The naïve, ridiculous man. Still, she conceded as she finally sat up, there was something nice about him, despite his red head, his bad maners, and his naïveté. And he might make her laugh again tomorrow, and laughs were precious things, not lightly to be forgone.

And she was in a very pleasant mood, memories of Gerrish wiped out by more recent memories of Baxter, when Cranston called. Olga was comfortably asleep, and Seena would be close at hand to render any aid required by the cook, so she felt no compunctions about going out.

"Still feel like dancing?" he asked.

"Yes. Don't you?"

"Absolutely. But I must be polite, mustn't I? Ladies are known to change their minds, and men must be sure to give them opportunity to do so, mustn't they?"

"What a chivalrous attitude!" she exclaimed. "I recommend to every bachelor in New York long explorations into the wilderness. There, in solitude, they may learn to value my sex and acquire your gallantry."

He grinned merrily.

"You're fun," he said.

"You're fun," she echoed.

"Which makes it unanimous," he said.

THEY were still on this happy note of light gayety when a taxi deposited them at the Ministery. Although it was Sunday, and a hot August night, half a dozen people spoke to them in the hall, and from four tables came almost belligerent requests that they join parties already established there.

"Nothing doing," said Cranston, firmly, as he led her past Brink Towler's vociferous table. "Tonight you belong to me."

She smiled amiably. He was a pleasant companion. No one could be pleasanter. He wore dinner clothes well, too. He was easily, with his sunburned face, his air of achievement, the most distinguished-looking man in the restaurant. She was looking well herself. The blue dinner frock, with the brocade slippers, was most becoming.

He rose with a questioning glance. Wordlessly she rose, too, and gave herself into his arms.

He danced well; almost too well. She didn't like men who danced like gigolos. But his terpsichorean ability fell short of theirs, and so she was well content with him.

There was something tremendously masculine about him, she thought. The arm that encircled her was made of steel. Indeed he could defend his own. And he led her with a confidence that was something apart from mere ability to dance well; it had something of character in it, of determination and admirable assurance.

"You know, of course," he told her, "that you are the best living dancer."

She smiled impishly at him. Her face bore the expression of a mischievous little girl.

"I think we ought to find something to criticize in each other, don't you? We're doing altogether too well. It almost frightens me."

"Frightens?"

"Well, not that exactly. But we are setting such a high level of courtesy toward each other that we'll find it difficult to maintain, won't we?"

"Not I," he laughed. "And I hope you'll be too kind to admit flaws in me even when you discover them."

The music ceased; the drummer beat a roll, and they reluctantly went back to their table, while a piano was pushed out on the floor, and a singer took the center of the room.

Martha looked at Cranston. He, too, was enjoying the evening. He applauded violently at the end of the singer's first song. He waved gay greetings to friends. He might be a serious-minded explorer, but when he wasn't in the heart of a jungle, or tumbling off a precipice, he liked civilized, sophisticated pleasures.

The singer left the floor. Brinkerhoff Towler came to their table.

(Continued on page 43)

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

She wouldn't go out with anyone not all right"

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Three Bullets

By William MacHarg

"Mrs. Lessing knows nothing about this matter," Lessing said angrily. "She is entirely innocent and it is very unfortunate that she has been drawn into this"

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

Another adventure of Detective O'Malley, who was wise in the way of criminals—and the green-eyed monster

THIS is another of them society murders," said O'Malley. "The dead guy was named Carlton, and he come in town from Long Island last night, for overnight, and he went to his folks' apartment. There wasn't nobody in the place except just him, because everybody, even the servants, are at the Long Island house, and they can't find that anybody came there. Still, he got knocked off. I guess I won't get much on it."

"How much have they got now?" I asked.

"Nothing, except that it looks like it might be a triangle case. This Carlton and another guy, named Roger Bassin, went with a lady named Mrs. Lessing. These are all young sporting folks, with plenty dough, that live partly in New York but mostly on Long Island and they ride fox hunting and have shooting parties and have dogs and horses, and you can't hardly tell who is married to who. Carlton and this guy Bassin was always good friends till they both got to going with Mrs. Lessing and wanted to marry her. Then they got less friendly. It was figured she would marry one of 'em, but nobody knew which. Well, she won't marry Carlton."

"Anything to connect Bassin with the murder?"

"Not yet. He was in New York last night, and Mrs. Lessing was in town, too, but all these people come in separately. Here's where it happened."

We were at the Carlton apartment. It had more than a dozen rooms and it was full of cops. The biggest room was a sort of living-room-library.

"What they found out here?" O'Malley asked one of the officers.

"He was bumped off in that big room. Some shooting—three bullets not an inch apart! There wasn't nobody broke in here; whoever shot him come in after him, or was in here when he came. At night the hallboy runs the elevator; he didn't see nobody. Someone could walk up when he was in the elevator and walk down the same way."

We went around and looked at everything.

"What do you make of it, O'Malley?" I inquired.

"I wouldn't wonder if it was like that cop just said. Somebody came here and Carlton let 'em in, so I guess he knew 'em. Then they knocked him off."

THERE were some tiny shreds of crumpled newspaper on the carpet. O'Malley picked the biggest one up and smoothed it out. It was about as big as his thumb nail, so the words on it had no meaning.

"What's this?" he asked.

"I guess somebody tore up some newspaper," one of the officers answered.

O'Malley put the scrap of paper in his pocket.

"There ain't much to be got here," he said. "All these people that might have to do with this have been asked over to the station-house to talk with the inspector. We'll see what's doing there."

We went to the station-house and found it full of people.

"Nothing but limousines rolling up to this police station today," the desk officer remarked to us.

They had Bassin there and Mrs. Lessing and a man who proved to be Mr. Lessing and several chauffeurs and half a dozen servants. We didn't go into the room where the inspector was questioning them separately but talked with them while they waited outside. Bassin and Mrs. Lessing and Mr. Lessing all looked like people who lived much outdoors but stayed up too many nights.

"I've told all I know about this matter," Bassin told us irritably. "I dined at a club and went directly home. I didn't go out again. This morning the police came and told me Carlton was shot and asked if I had a small-caliber revolver. I replied that I belonged to a pistol club and had several pistols. They looked them over and took one away with them and asked me to come here."

"Did you know Carlton was going to be in town last night?"

"I did."

We went and talked with Mrs. Lessing. She was about twenty-four years old and pretty, but insipid-looking.

"Did you see Carlton yesterday?" O'Malley asked her.

"Yes; in the afternoon."

"Make any engagement to see him later? He went home but he just sat around like he might have been expecting somebody."

"No; I had no engagement with him."

"Mrs. Lessing knows nothing about this matter," Lessing said angrily. "She is entirely innocent and it is very unfortunate that she has been drawn into this."

"What's Lessing got to do with it?" I asked O'Malley.

"Not anything. Him and her are divorced but they're still friendly. When he heard she was asked here for questioning he came over to see if he could help her. There's always plenty guys want to help them baby-faced women."

Then a cop came out of the inspector's room and took Bassin back in for further questioning, and O'Malley followed them in but I stayed outside. O'Malley came out presently.

"BASSIN tell anything more?" I asked.

"He didn't have to."

He had a photograph in his hand. The three bullets that killed Carlton had been photographed with three that the police had fired from Bassin's revolver; then the photograph had been cut and fitted together. The experts said that the markings made by the pistol barrel on all six bullets were exactly the same. There was no doubt that the bullets which killed Carlton had been fired from Bassin's revolver.

"That settles that!" I commented.

"Bassin don't say so. Says he hadn't touched or even seen the gun for a couple of weeks and he kept it locked up. Says if it was used it was done without his knowledge."

"That's ridiculous! He wants you to believe that someone entered his apartment, took the gun which was locked up, used it to kill Carlton, cleaned it, took it back to his apartment and locked it up again, all without his knowledge? Bassin might as well admit he did it."

"That's what these cops all think."

"Bassin had a motive, he knew Carlton would be in town, he is a marksman, and it was his gun."

"Sure. How about this?"

O'Malley took the scrap of newspaper from his pocket and smoothed it out. On one side it said "by Nassa," "ommunity actio," "for purpos," and the other side was part of an advertisement.

(Continued on page 37)

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a Wonderful Value: INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER ANNOUNCES A NEW 2-TON TRUCK AT $995

for 145-in. wheelbase chassis, f. o. b. factory (tax extra)

OFFICIAL registrations on all new trucks of 2-ton capacity and over, sold in 1932, show that better than ONE *in every* FIVE is an International. This is nearly 22 per cent, yet 49 other manufacturers competed for this great market. The next nearest builder sold but half as many. In the heavy-duty truck field International is the *outstanding leader.* (Figures from R. L. Polk & Co.)

There are three reasons for such preference for Internationals in a year of careful buying: (1) long-lived efficiency, (2) operating economy, and (3) matchless International Harvester after-sale service.

* * * *

AND NOW INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER OFFERS YOU THIS GREAT 2-TON TRUCK VALUE, AT $995. Branches and dealers will be proud to show you this brand-new model, the B-4, which brings you at a remarkably low price the same high standards of quality in materials, engineering, and construction that made the International sales record possible.

The new B-4 is International-made – thoroughly modern from stem to stern. Note the brief description below. Visit one of our display rooms, get acquainted with this great 2-ton International value. And remember that International Harvester also offers parallel values in the smaller sizes, with a new Half-Ton, 6-Cylinder truck at $360, and a popular 1½-ton model at $615, prices for the chassis f. o. b. factory.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 S. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Ill.

Model B-4 Features

Frame: 8-inch channel type; 7 sturdy cross members.

Engine: 6-cylinder. Bore: $3\frac{7}{16}$-in.; stroke, 4-in.; develops 63 h. p. Removable cylinders. Counterbalanced crankshaft. Exhaust-valve seat inserts. Full-pressure lubrication. Thermostatically-controlled cooling. Down-draft carburetion. Air cleaner.

Transmission: Four speeds forward, one reverse.

Universal Joints: Roller-bearing type.

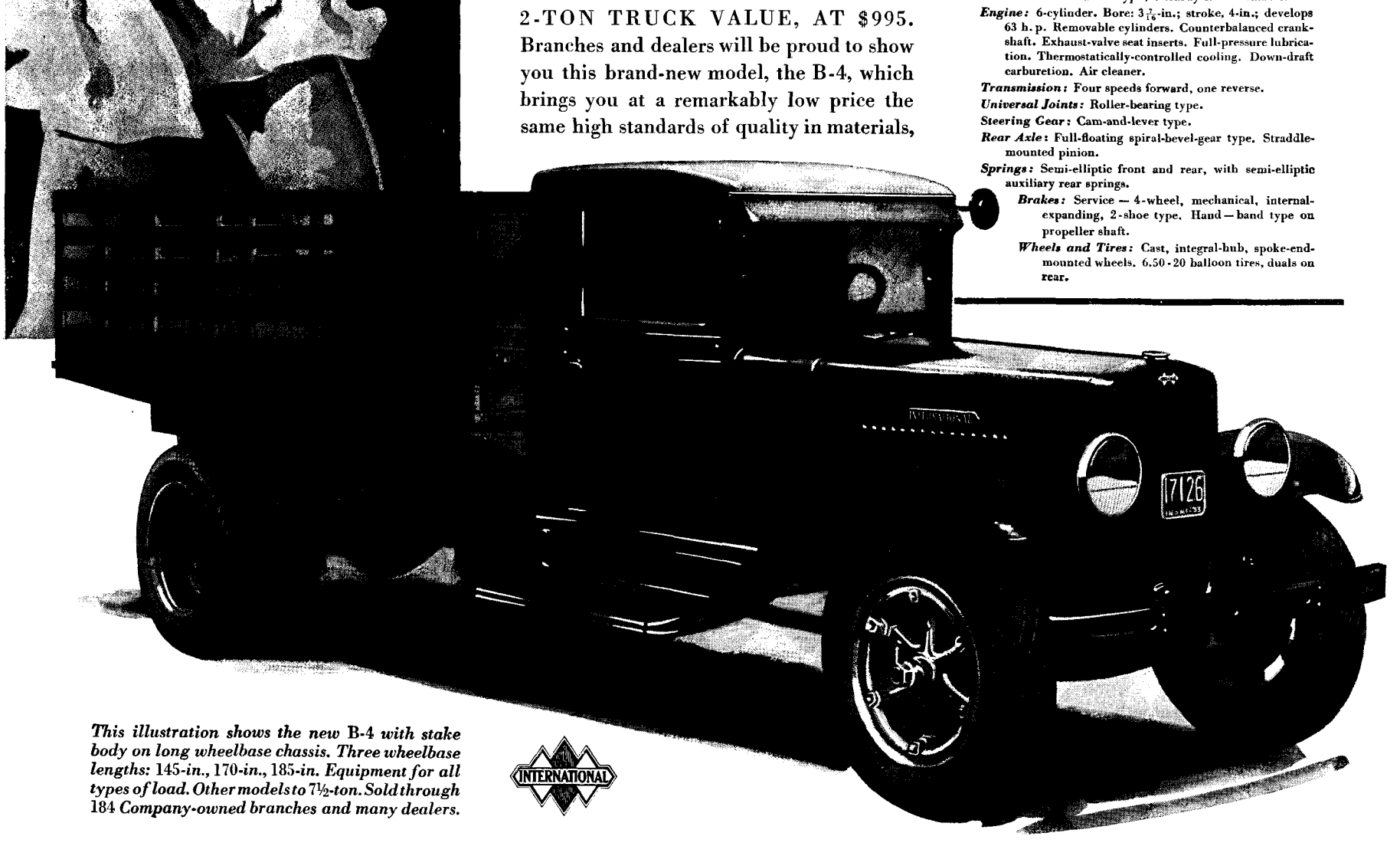
Steering Gear: Cam-and-lever type.

Rear Axle: Full-floating spiral-bevel-gear type. Straddle-mounted pinion.

Springs: Semi-elliptic front and rear, with semi-elliptic auxiliary rear springs.

Brakes: Service — 4-wheel, mechanical, internal-expanding, 2-shoe type. Hand — band type on propeller shaft.

Wheels and Tires: Cast, integral-hub, spoke-end-mounted wheels. 6.50-20 balloon tires, duals on rear.



This illustration shows the new B-4 *with stake body on long wheelbase chassis. Three wheelbase lengths:* 145-*in.*, 170-*in.*, 185-*in. Equipment for all types of load. Other models to* 7½-*ton. Sold through* 184 *Company-owned branches and many dealers.*

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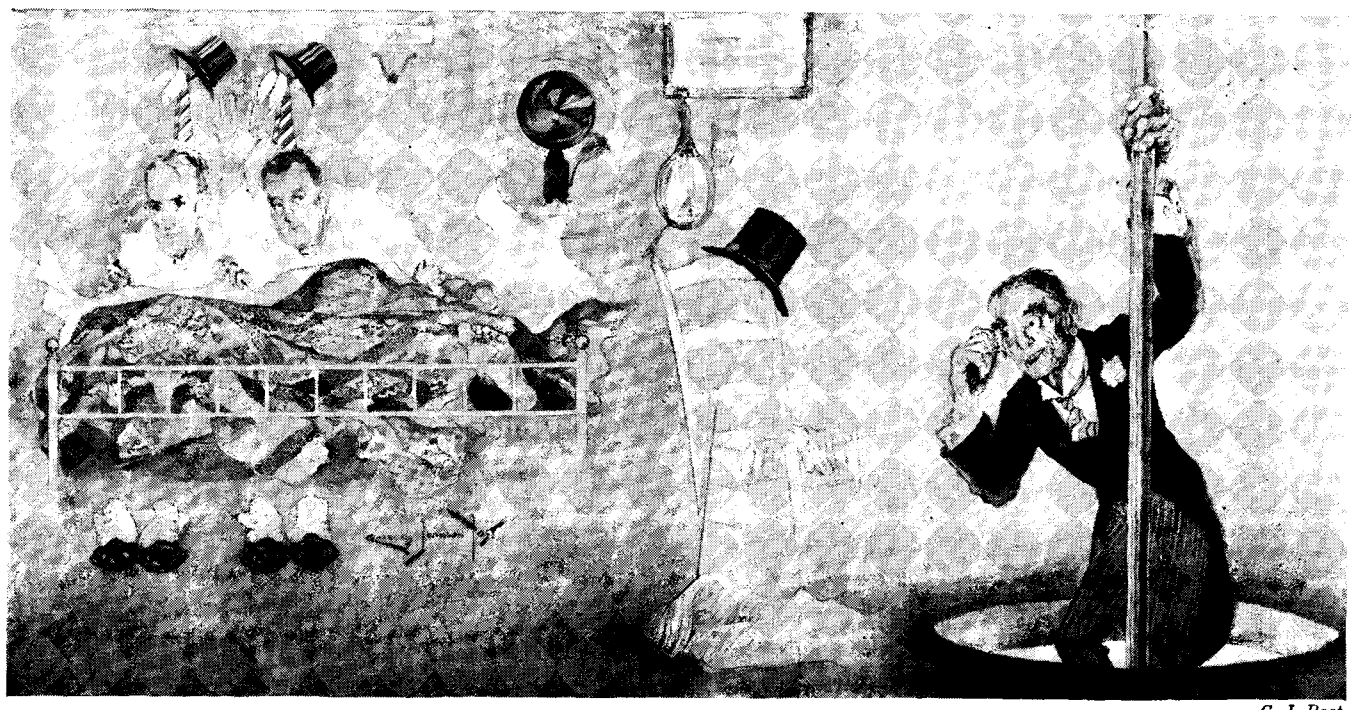

C. J. Post

Colonel Howe is clearly "the first among equals" in the President's secretarial trio

The Light that Blinds

By Clinton W. Gilbert

WHEN Woodrow Wilson was selecting his Cabinet, he handed to his secretary, Joseph P. Tumulty, the Diary of Gideon Welles, Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy, saying, "Read that and tell me which member of Lincoln's Cabinet McCombs would be most like if I appointed him a member of mine." William F. McCombs was chairman of the Democratic National Committee in the 1912 campaign, a neurotic egotist, a difficult person; Mr. Wilson was not inclined to follow the usual custom according to which the President appoints his campaign manager Postmaster-General.

Mr. Tumulty read the fat volumes in which the honest Gideon Welles recorded his forthright impressions of Lincoln and the members of his Cabinet and then reported to Mr. Wilson: "He would be most like Seward."

"And why?" asked Mr. Wilson.

"Because," replied Mr. Tumulty, "Seward was always drawing Lincoln aside and talking to him privately and thus rousing the jealousy of the rest of the Cabinet."

"Precisely," remarked the President.

Wilson did not make his campaign manager, McCombs, a member of his Cabinet. But he did not thereby keep jealousy out. Among the Cabinet members was William G. McAdoo, his Secretary of the Treasury, who had been a vice chairman of the Democratic National Committee and who had, as a matter of fact, conducted most of the campaign, McCombs being ill a good part of the time. Mr. McAdoo in the Cabinet played somewhat the part Wilson feared McCombs would play, but not from the feverish egotism that would have governed McCombs. For McAdoo was a forceful man of decided opinions who naturally tried to press his views upon his chief.

McAdoo's desire to be Wilson's chief adviser sprang from strength, not from weakness as McCombs' would have. In fact, he was more comparable to Seward as Welles pictured him. Seward had been Lincoln's chief competitor for the nomination for President. He was a powerful man in his party. He had social advantages that Lincoln had not. Seward, like most of the members of the Cabinet except the faithful Welles, looked down upon Lincoln. He doubtless felt that by position, ability and experience of affairs he should dominate the administration of which he was an important part.

So Secretary McAdoo proved to be the man who, when Cabinet meetings broke up, would linger behind to have a private talk with Wilson and who was especially aggressive in the presentation of his views at the Cabinet meetings themselves. And a certain jealousy of McAdoo existed among some of the members. The feeling became especially acute between Attorney-General McReynolds and McAdoo. It ended in an acrimonious dispute over the Department of Justice Building, which McAdoo as head of the Treasury Department insisted upon constructing and which Attorney-General McReynolds insisted upon being consulted about on the ground that he was going to occupy it. President Wilson solved the difficulty by promoting his Attorney-General to the United States Supreme Court.

The Favored Are Marked

So don't imagine that our democratic court in Washington is any freer from jealousies than were the royal courts of Europe a century or two ago. Rivals for the royal favor do not use poison as did similar rivals in the little Italian kingdoms and principalities of a few hundred years ago, but they have their ways of removing the favorite from near the throne. If you doubt this, read The Strangest Friendship in History, written apparently with Colonel House's approval, almost with his collaboration. In this book it is said repeatedly that there was a "third person" who ended the career of the most important favorite in the whole history of the Presidency. I have tried hard to identify that third person, consulting with those who had an intimate knowledge of the Wilson administration and of the jealousies to which the closest adviser a President ever had might have fallen a victim, but without success. There are three or four possible candidates.

Jealousy, as the anecdote at the beginning of this article suggests, is inevitable among the persons who wish to gain importance in the eyes of the world by being, or at least seeming to be, "close to the President." It may exist in Cabinets as it did in those of Lincoln, Wilson, Harding, and probably in many other Cabinets. It may exist in the secretariat of the White House, as it did in President Hoover's secretariat.

There is sure to be jealousy among senators who strive to have the President's ear. The President's physician, if he happened to be a good politician and gained political influence with his patient, might arouse jealousy. If there are two or three men outside the official circle, as there are likely to be, who wish to be the Colonel House of an administration—persons who had considerable to do with the President's nomination and election and who decline office but hope to be "the power behind the throne"—these two or three will hide behind a smiling exterior an unrelenting suspicion and hatred of each other.

There may even be jealousy among the Cabinet wives, as there was in the Jackson administration. There may even be jealousy of the President's wife, as there was of Wilson's second wife, not among the ladies of official Washington but among the male advisers of Wilson, who found themselves losing influence after she arrived in the White House. In fact, the Wilson administration was the epic period of jealousy. And the prominent figures of the Wilson period, even including Colonel House, promise to appear in the Roosevelt administration.

Of course Mr. Roosevelt is a very different person from Mr. Wilson, and that is important. For example, there were no dramatic jealousies in the Coolidge administration. Cold and reserved, President Coolidge allowed no one to get so near to him as to arouse the envy of anyone else. A couple of old friends were close to Coolidge: Dwight Morrow, who never came to Washington unless he was sent for, never gave any advice unless it was solicited and never wished to be a Colonel House, and Frank W. Stearns, who used to wander delightedly about the corridors of the White House, radiant at the sight of the greatness of his former protégé.

These and two subordinates who had been near Coolidge from the time when he was a legislator in Massachusetts, Ted Clarke and the late Jimmy White, made up his intimate circle. Besides, nobody made Mr. Coolidge President. He arose from the Vice Presidency. Politically, like Topsy, he "just growed." But the inaccessibility of Mr. Coolidge's nature placed everyone about him on a level. There could not be a Colonel House to Calvin Coolidge.

When it was announced that President Roosevelt was to have three secretaries, Mr. Hoover is said to have remarked that if his successor had consulted him he would have advised him to appoint one secretary with two assistants instead of three with equal rank. And one of the Hoover secretaries is reported to have observed that "A President can't live with three secretaries any better than a man can live with three women under the same roof."

An Unfortunate Experiment

These remarks were generalizations from the results of what was an unfortunate experiment, for Mr. Hoover was the first President to have three secretaries. George Akerson and Lawrence Richey brought over to the White House with them a jealousy that began two or three years earlier in the Department of Commerce. The fierce white light that beats upon the White House only intensified it.

Richey had been with Mr. Hoover a long time. Akerson was the interloper. He was brought in because of his knowledge of publicity and his experience in politics to promote Mr. Hoover's prospects of remaining President. The only thing that mitigated the suspicion with which each regarded the other was Akerson's comparative indifference toward his job. He had entered the White House frankly and with Mr. Hoover's approval to use his secretaryship as a stepping-stone to a place in the business world.

President Roosevelt's three secretaries are Colonel Louis McHenry Howe, Marvin H. McIntyre and Stephen T. Early. The President does not have to give one of these the title of secretary and the other two assistant secretaries in order to give them a relative rating.

Of the three Colonel Howe is clearly the most important, first among equals, according to the Latin phrase. In the first place, he lives at the White House and so is virtually a member of the Roosevelt family. And he has been long with Mr. Roosevelt, from the time when the President was a young man in the New York State Legislature. He was Mr. Roosevelt's secretary when Mr. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the Wilson administration.

(Continued on page 32)

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Drink **Hires** R-J **Root Beer** FOR THIRST AND CHEER

R-J

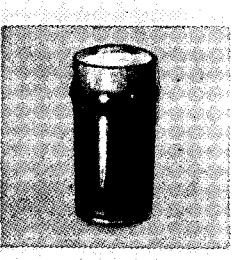
Your guarantee of Real Root Juices

Three ways to get Hires Root Beer

DELICIOUS · HEALTHFUL · ECONOMICAL

At Fountains

When you insist on Hires R-J Root Beer, you get real root juices, not just oil flavored imitations — yet you pay no more for the genuine.



In Bottles

Ready to drink. Get Hires R-J Root Beer wherever bottled beverages are sold, either by the bottle or by the case. Healthful, economical.

Make it at Home

For less than 1c. a glass, it is easy to make 40 pint bottles of Hires R-J Root Beer from one package of Hires Extract. A national favorite.

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» One of America's smartest resort hotels, "The Greenbrier," White Sul

Into the world of style have come Two New Leaders

You need look no further than Oldsmobile for the Style Leaders among motor cars this year. . . . Leaders by right of bold departure from everything ordinary in motor car design. . . . Leaders because they are not just "new models," but *entirely new cars*—presenting the most completely modern conception of automobile styling in the entire field—regardless of price. . . . Yet not for a moment have achievements in outward design surpassed Oldsmobile's progress *in engineering*. Both the new cars are extremely brilliant performers. The new Six will do 75 to 80 miles an hour, and the Eight is capable of 80 to 85—*actual stop-watch speed*. . . . The powerful engines

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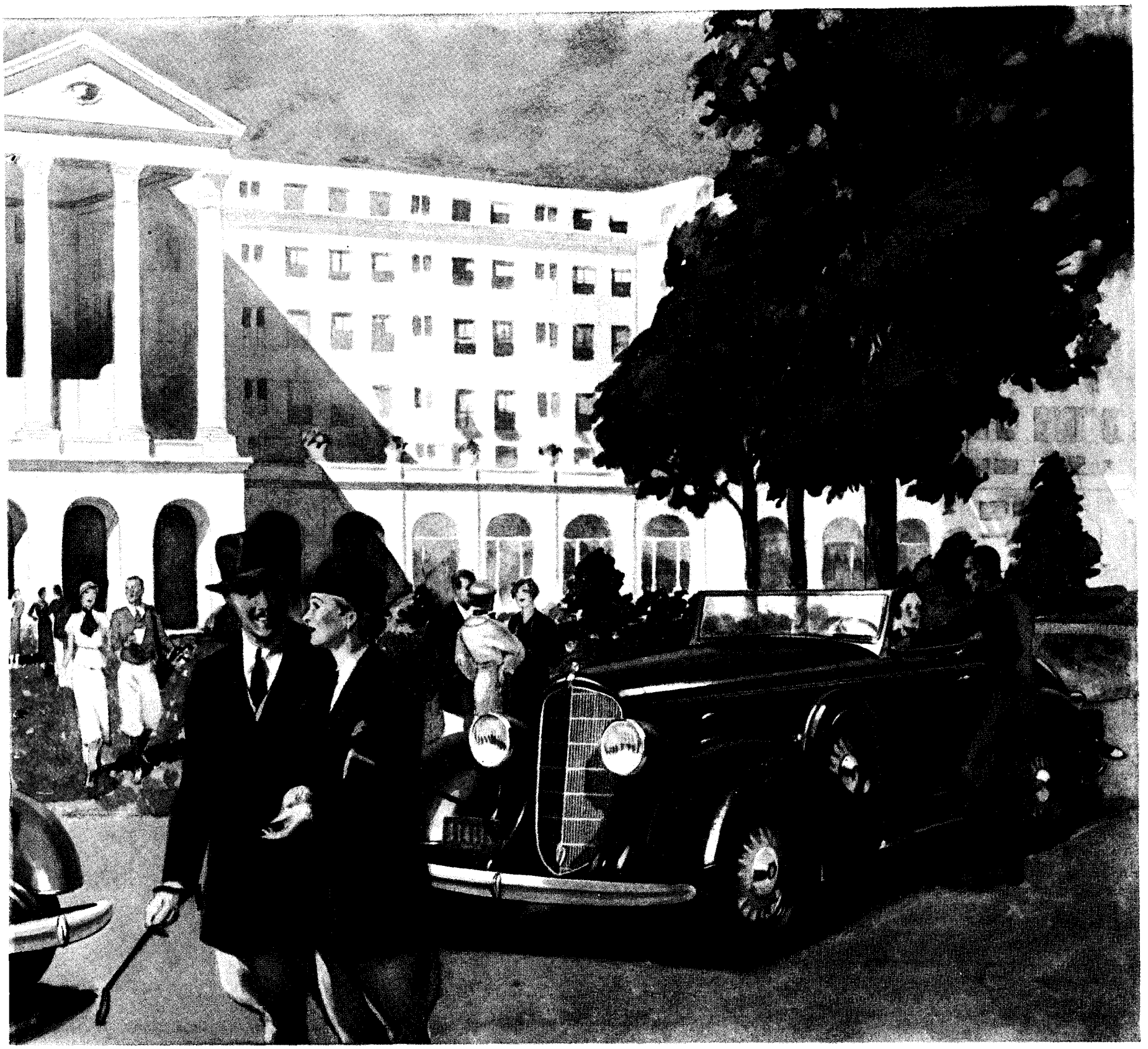

ings, W. Va. The New Oldsmobile Straight Eight and Six in the foreground «

turn with scarcely a sound, and no perceptible vibration. . . . Construction throughout is so advanced that 1933 will further strengthen Oldsmobile's reputation as "the car that owners recommend." . . . Don't compromise, this year. Demand *balanced excellence* in the car you buy. Oldsmobile offers everything essential to complete motoring satisfaction — Style, Performance and Durability — *at the lowest prices in ten years!* **OLDSMOBILE**

GREATER VALUE THROUGHOUT — Both the new Oldsmobile Six and Straight Eight are bigger, roomier, more powerful cars. The Six four-door Sedan weighs 3325 lbs; the Eight four-door Sedan, 3482 lbs. The engines develop 80 h. p. and 90 h. p., respectively. Scientific new 3-point engine mountings of live rubber absorb all vibration from the power plants. Oldsmobile's improved automatic choke is far more efficient than the manual choking which it supplants. Carburetion advancements facilitate starting, quicken acceleration, and effect economies in operation. Syncro-Mesh and Silent Second gear make shifting easy and pleasant. Steering and braking are now practically effortless. A tremendously strong new double-drop X-type frame allows a lower center of gravity and gives remarkable driving stability. Completely new Fisher bodies afford every modern comfort and convenience, most important of which is the sensational new improvement, Fisher No Draft Ventilation, Individually Controlled.

TWO GENERAL MOTORS VALUES • THE SIX $745 AND UP • THE EIGHT $845 AND UP • G. M. A. C. TERMS

PRICES F. O. B. LANSING

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Did you make this mistake

2 YEARS AGO ?

"CHEAP" *paint after* **2** *years*

The owner of this house paid $300 two years ago for this "cheap" paint job Today he must pay $100 more for burning and scraping before he can repaint . . . total $400, or $200 per year.

"Cheap" paint is a costly error which can't be covered up . . . it must be burned off!

● After the weather has had a chance at it, you can't mistake a "cheap" paint job for one on which Dutch Boy White-Lead was used. Look at the examples shown in the circles at the right . . . actual photographic evidence.

One property-owner made the mistake of pocketing a $75 "saving" on his first cost. Now, before he can repaint, he has to dig down for *$100 more for burning off and scraping away* what's left of the old paint. And he has to meet the extra cost of a new priming coat.

Meantime he has lived in a house covered with the remains of his "cheap" paint . . . cracked, scaled, and flaked away in shreds and patches. No wonder he's disgusted every time he sees it.

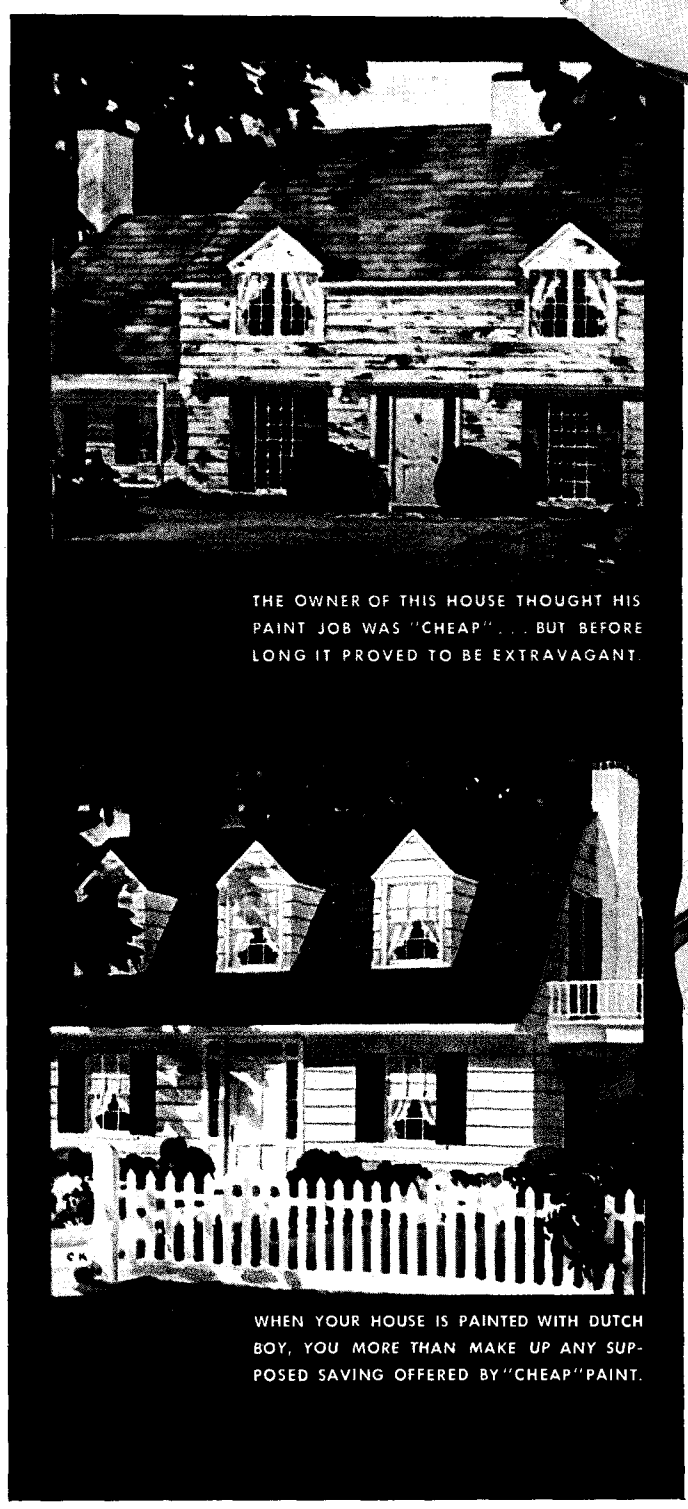
What a contrast the Dutch Boy job is! Paint made with Dutch Boy White-Lead does not crack and scale . . . it wears away stubbornly by gradual chalking, a process that leaves a perfect foundation for the new paint, without any burning, scraping or special preparation.

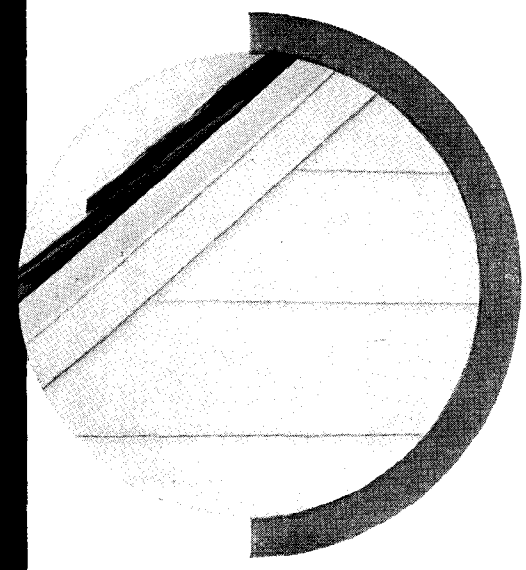
The only sure way to avoid mistakes in painting is to choose both a paint and a painter of established reputation. That means Dutch Boy—a paint that the experienced painter prefers because of its proved durability and because he can mix it to the right composition for your particular home, and can tint it to the exact color you specify.

If dollar-saving appeals more to you than dollar-wasting, you'll appreciate the free book shown at right. Send for it.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 820 West Superior Ave., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Company of Pennsylvania, 316 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.

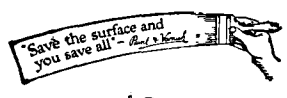

THE OWNER OF THIS HOUSE THOUGHT HIS PAINT JOB WAS "CHEAP" . . . BUT BEFORE LONG IT PROVED TO BE EXTRAVAGANT.
WHEN YOUR HOUSE IS PAINTED WITH DUTCH BOY, YOU MORE THAN MAKE UP ANY SUPPOSED SAVING OFFERED BY "CHEAP" PAINT.



DUTCH BOY *after* **3** *years*

This house in the same community near New York City cost $375 to paint. Same exposure. Same weather. Its condition is still excellent. Paint cost to date is only $125 per year.

"The House We Live In" helps you avoid painting mistakes. Send for it—it's FREE. *Address Department 9, care of nearest branch.*



8 PAINTERS IN EVERY 10 ***USE***

DUTCH BOY WHITE LEAD

. . . AND NO ONE KNOWS PAINT LIKE A PAINTER

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ranger at Deep Lake. "Very queer," he said. "Supper's ready."

Jerry wondered what this millionairess would think of the Brandts: his aunt Agatha, stout, placid and kindly; his twelve-year-old sister, Babs, too polite now to eat; his bald, wind-ruddy father, blue eyes like Jerry's, beaming now over the roast.

When Jerry took the plates out, Mr. Brandt turned to Michaele. "Jerry would make a good forester, but he says there's no money in the service. There isn't." He lifted his head like a bald old war horse. "But it's work for a man. For a woman, too," he added, his eyes gentle, "making a home in the woods. Jerry's ma fixed a cradle for him out of a provision crate. It rocked and we thought it was grand." Mr. Brandt folded his napkin, drew it through a silver ring. "Well, Babs, we'll have to marry you to a ranger."

Babs sniffed. "I'm going into the movies and have lots of husbands." Aunt Aggie sent her from the table.

It was a long evening. Michaele Carew, of Los Angeles and New York, sat in aunt Agatha's bathrobe and looked at family snapshots, while Babs hung over her shoulder and Mr. Brandt explained everything.

"Now this one, Miss Carew, that's Mother the year we were married. Beautiful, wasn't she? That's me outside our first station. See me showing my badge? That's Jerry. Fat little rascal! He was a big baby."

"He must have been," Michaele Carew said politely. But there was laughter in the dark, insolent eyes that looked at Jerry over Bab's black mop.

Jerry's ears were red, but he thought defiantly, "Dad's having a swell time remembering Mother."

Babs was whispering, "Jerry, I'll bet she'd like fudge."

Jerry whispered back, "Well, if she doesn't, we'll eat it ourselves. Come on, beautiful; I'll stir it." If Michaele Carew didn't like his people, he didn't like Michaele Carew.

MAY came to Paxton. May is a dangerous month—for young men with exams on their minds.

Jerry was working on his last term paper. Dink, his feet on the window sill, eyed him approvingly. "I hear you're taking Carew to the Sigma picnic."

"Well, what of it?"

"I guess," said Dink thoughtfully, "we'll call you Tamarack."

"What do you mean—'Tamarack'?"

"The big ones fall hard. But remember, Big Boy, that girl collects frat pins." . . .

When Dink had gone, Jerry went to the window and stood breathing the night. Another month. And then what? He'd written the lumber companies, asking for a job. All of them. No answer yet. It wouldn't work out. Carew collects fraternity pins! Maybe so. Not his. After the picnic he'd quit taking her out. Someone over at the Deke house was strumming a banjo; a smell of damp grass and lilacs came up to him. Jerry pulled down the window and went back to work.

The Sigma picnic was like other picnics.

Jerry and Michaele stole away and found a flat rock by the river. The water rippled by, whispering in starlight. They saw the camp fire through the dark trees.

Michaele sat hugging her knees. She said softly in the quiet, "I wish June wouldn't come."

"Going back to California?" Jerry asked casually.

Michaele's shoulder was against him. "I suppose so. I'm fed up playing around, waiting to get married."

Jerry said firmly, "If I marry in ten years, I'll be lucky."

Meeting in April

Continued from page 19

"That," sighed Michaele, "would be a long while, waiting."

Jerry said, "I'm not asking anyone to wait."

THEY were still then, listening to the night: the quiet sound of the trees and the river. And above the dark trees, the far-away stars.

Jerry lit a cigarette. The match flamed and went out. "I guess," he said, "we ought to go back."

Michaele looked at him, her lips trembling, her dark eyes searching his face, dark eyes asking.

He said, "You know I do, Michaele."

She was in his arms against the beat of his heart. And the stars were under their feet.

When you're twenty-two and a Sigma, varsity football and boxing, senior marshal and all that; when a girl like a dark gay flower waits for you on the senior bench, and your fraternity pin stirs to her breathing over her heart, where you pinned it, the days run laughing to June. And the world beyond June is a tune to whistle, a nut to crack in your fingers. Time tomorrow for thinking.

They drove up the valley one night, through the flowering orchards.

Leaving the car by the side of the road, they crawled under wire and climbed a hillside. Their feet in the crumbling furrows stirred dark earth smells, and petals fell from the blossoming trees.

On the hilltop, they sat on Jerry's coat, smoking and quietly talking.

Michaele would be going soon. Not for long. Only to Deep Lake to meet her father, who was coming over from the coast. She promised to be back for Commencement.

Her small fingers locked in his big ones. "If anything happened, Jerry, there'd always be tonight to remember."

"What could happen?"

"I don't know, dear. It's dangerous being happy, being in love." There was laughter in her voice and a wistfulness. "Are you in love, Jerry?"

Michaele's dark little head on his shoulder. She was a wild sweetness in his blood, a sound in his heart, like bells in the wind.

"Are you in love, Jerry?" A gentle, little voice.

"That's a fool question," he said.

HOME again on the porch of the Kappa house, Michaele whispered, "Jerry, you wouldn't fool me?"

He grinned down at her. "About what?"

Her eyes were troubled. "I'm just silly, I guess. Girls scratch, Jerry, sometimes."

Sometimes Michaele was like his own self; sometimes she was strange. The door behind them was clicking. It was the house mother.

June brings Commencement Day. Fathers and mothers and sweethearts, and a great man to bid the heroes go forth.

Jerry found Babs and his father waiting for him on the lawn. "You wait here," he told them. "I'll be back in a minute." He strode off like a conqueror seeking his mate. Michaele was here somewhere. Girls everywhere, like bright blossoms under the trees. Jerry circled the gay groups, looking.

A hand on his arm. It was Dink, in white flannels. "Don't run, Big Feller. They can't take it back now."

"I'm looking for Michaele."

"Haven't seen her. There's a letter down at the house."

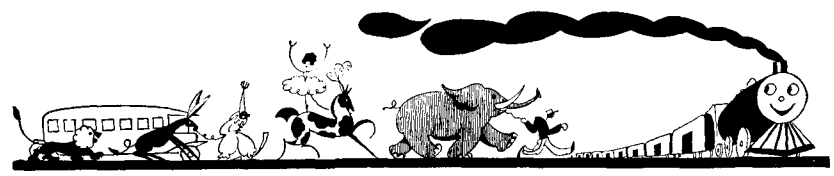
"Oh. Thanks." Jerry went back to his father and Babs. They walked down University Avenue.

His father kept talking, telling him something, trouble at Clearwater, fires already. "I get blamed, of course, Jerry. They say I'm getting old." Jerry answered yes and no. But his mind was on Michaele. She must be sick. The Sigma house at last.

He shut the door of his room, alone for a moment. Michaele's careless scrawl. "Congratulations, Jerry. Sorry I couldn't come down. When you get this I'll be on my way to Los Angeles. Thanks for the pin. It was fun for a while."

He picked up the envelope, shook it. His fraternity pin fell to the desk and rolled off, a glitter of gold and seed pearl on the floor. Dink came and hammered on the door. Jerry put his foot on the pin. He stood still and Dink went away. He stooped and picked up

(Continued on page 30)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

From April to November this year, America's 30 important circuses will move their $100,000,000 worth of animals and equipment over a total of about 10,000 miles a week, and all except five or six of them will use motor trucks exclusively.

In the United States, gangsters have been killed at the rate of one every 12 hours for the past seven years.

Nearly all of the felt hats made in the United States today contain the fur of about five rabbits, the pelts of which have been imported from Europe or Australia.—*By F. L. Swope, Wausau, Wisconsin.*

Rennin, the enzyme obtained from the fourth stomach of a calf and used chiefly in the manufacture of cheese, is capable of coagulating more than 25,000 times its weight of fresh milk.—*By N. J. Mayberger, Humphrey, Nebraska.*

The ability to distinguish between degrees of sensation varies greatly in the different senses. The eye can tell a 1 per cent difference in illumination, the arm 2.5 per cent in released weight, the skin 5 per cent in pressure, the ear 10 per cent in tone and the nose 30 per cent in intensity of smell.

A jellyfish has every mechanism of life, including eyespots, tentacles, nerves, mouth, stomach and eggs, yet the animal matter comprises only one-half of one per cent of the creature, the remainder being a translucent, jelly-like substance almost wholly composed of water.

The only time that a royal throne was won by wrestling was in 858 in Japan when Emperor Buntoku had his two sons stage a match so that he could determine which one should succeed him.—*By James Dickenson, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

A study of the business failures in the United States and Canada from 1929 through 1932 shows that 62.7 per cent of them were due to faulty management and not to conditions that were beyond control.—*By J. L. Chambers, New Concord, Ohio.*

Just outside of Indore, India, a great, marble palace, only half finished, has stood deserted for almost a century. Construction was stopped suddenly and the building abandoned after its superstitious owner had a dream that a giant cobra was asleep beneath it.

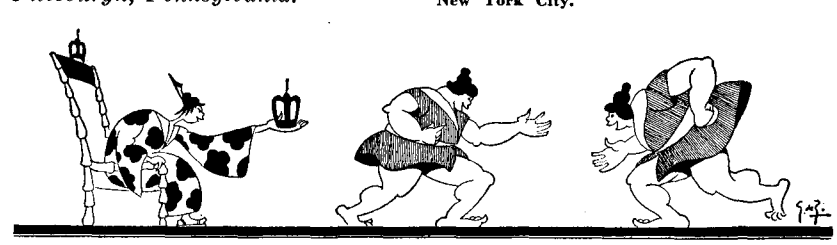
In Siam today 530,000, or 88 per cent, of the 600,000 primary and secondary school students are educated in Buddhist monasteries.

Not many years ago in Italy and France, heirs who were anxious to succeed to property often gave their relatives "Succession Powder," a secret and costly poison which acted so slowly that it seldom aroused suspicion.

Few sightseers in Jerusalem today realize that the Jerusalem of Christ's time is not only 75 feet below the present city but that nearly all the exact spots of Biblical interest were destroyed and lost to posterity centuries ago through sieges, pillages and conflagrations.—*By J. S. Gillespie, Shreveport, Louisiana.*

Every thoroughbred race horse in the world is a descendant of one of three famous horses—the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian and the Godolphin Arabian—that were brought to England about 200 years ago. The Godolphin Arabian came from Paris, where he had been used to draw a watercart.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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(Continued from page 29)

the pin. The clasp was broken. He could get that fixed.

Michaele Carew smiled at him from the desk. A lovely face, gallant and wistful. He slipped the picture from its frame, tore it carefully across the dark questioning eyes, dropped the pieces slowly in his basket. That was that.

He took off his cap and gown and went downstairs to his own people. It was a big day for Babs and his father. Have to keep grinning. "You'll learn about women from her." Dink had said that. Take it now. Take it and like it.

Babs and his father never knew. After supper they took Babs on the river. Canoes everywhere, colored lanterns on the floats, and the glee club singing. The Paxton songs, sad across the water. Babs loved it all. She sat quiet, her eyes shining. Dip, stroke, dip, in among the gay voices and laughter. Dip, stroke, dip. Turn now and drift back in the starlight. Michaele. Michaele Carew. A silver bell ringing. After a while it would stop.

THE next morning Jerry was listlessly packing. June came in the open windows, soft, sunny air and children at play. Jerry didn't care. He was strapping his trunk when Dink wandered in.

"Got any aspirin?" he asked sadly. Dink lay down on the bed with a sigh. "Tomato juice is no good. I'm a sick man."

"Where were you last night?"

"Here and there, Jerry. Here and there." Dink scowled. "These old grads! They ought to be ashamed—leading us youth astray. As Prof. Thorne says—Oh, my head! He's a nut, anyway."

Someone was bawling from the head of the stairs, "Hey, Jerry! Telephone."

His heart thumping, Jerry picked up the receiver. It couldn't be Michaele. The operator said, "Hold the line, please, for long distance." Michaele was in— There was a humming on the wire, a man's voice. "This is Mr. Carew's secretary. We have your letter—" Jerry listened, not caring much.

He went back upstairs and put on a clean shirt.

From the bed, Dink asked weakly, "Where you going?"

Jerry said, "Up to Deep Lake."

"You might as well marry the girl."

Jerry was scowling at himself in the mirror. "Marriage," he said bitterly, "is just one of those things. It's a mistake."

Dink groaned. "Sure it is. But what isn't?"

Jerry turned to look at him, yanking his tie into place. "Money, Dink," he said firmly. "Big money."

Dink sighed. "Money's a mistake, too. I had ten bucks last night. Look at me now. And no aspirin."

IT WAS a long ride to Deep Lake. There was plenty of time to think.

The chauffeur, a sullen young man in putties, condescended to lead Jerry to Mr. Carew. The millionaire was at work in one of the cabins, dictating to his secretary. A hard, tired face, thinning gray hair and shrewd eyes.

Carew said, "Sit down."

Jerry sat. The secretary went out quietly.

The shrewd, gray eyes were studying Jerry, taking in his size, the set of his head, the blue, unafraid look. "So you think you can sell lumber?"

"Yes, sir."

"If you can, you can make money. I was a scaler at your age. Well, I'll give you your chance."

Jerry sat studying his shoes, number nines, carefully polished. Then he looked at Carew. "I'm afraid I'm wasting your time," he said. "I don't want a job; not this one."

Carew's fingers drummed on the desk. "Then what are you here for? What do you want?"

Jerry's smile was embarrassed. "I didn't know it," he said, "but I want to chase fires. Like my dad. Lumber's O. K., but we like it growing."

Carew said impatiently, "No money in it growing. You ought to know that."

Jerry stood up, six feet of him. "A man," he said firmly, "that's educated doesn't need so much money. All these playthings."

Carew reddened with anger. "What playthings?"

Jerry grinned, blue eyes undisturbed. "These foreign jiggers; that congressman out there in putties."

Carew glared at him. "Get out of here," he said. "You're crazy."

The blue, unafraid eyes and the gray, tired ones met and held. Carew's face changed. A ghost of a smile came. "Get out of here," he said. "And good luck to you, boy."

In the yard, astride a satiny little black mare, watching Jerry come down the path, was Michaele. An arrogant little figure in white, white jodhpurs and black riding shoes; she sat, reins slack, watching him. The bright sun was on her.

"Hello." A cool, little voice, lady of the manor.

"Hello."

"I didn't go to California."

"So I see."

Jerry wasn't stopping. Her eyes and her voice were arrogant. "Just a minute. You might say thank you."

He looked up at her fiercely. "Thank you for what?"

Michaele slapped a black boot with her riding crop. "For letting you get away with it; for telling Father to give you the job you wanted so much."

Jerry was thinking, "I'll never see her again." "Your mistake," he said. "Your dad's O. K., but he's got nothing for me. I'm going up to Clearwater and wring someone's neck. I wish it was yours." He strode on down the path.

"Come back, Jerry. Please."

He walked back. "Well, say it. I'm in a hurry."

"Jerry, I've been a fool. They told me you were rushing me, just to meet Dad. Dink said so."

"Dink was kidding," he said. "And they knew it." There was contempt in his voice. "You had to believe them."

"I didn't, Jerry. Then Dad asked me about you; he had your letter. Then I believed them. I got mad."

"I wrote all the lumber people. Why not? I wanted a job. You had nothing to do with it. I want a ranger's job now. You've got nothing to do with that either."

Her eyes were pleading. "Jerry, let's start again."

He shook his head. "That's out," he said firmly. "I'll never have money. You've got to have playthings."

She smiled suddenly, something shy and brave in her eyes. "They come, Jerry. Your mother had two."

"You'd quit on me, Michaele."

The little mare, nosing for grass, moved a step away. Michaele swung down from the saddle. She came close to Jerry. Her lips were trembling. She said: "Try me, Jerry."

All the hurt of Commencement Day, the fierce hurt of her letter, blazed in his eyes. "I did," he said, and turned away down the trail.

There was a stillness behind. It was broken by a patter of small boots and the rattle of bits of gravel.

With an effort he lengthened his stride. Then he heard a louder grating of gravel and a sharp, hurt outcry: "Jerry—oh!" The patter of small boots stopped. He looked around. He couldn't help it. Michaele lay where she had fallen, crumpled in the trail. Her face was in her arms. He couldn't see it. He knew that he had to see it. Once more. One last time, anyhow.

JERRY went back to her. He lifted her. She clung to him. She searched his face. She was a little thing. Freckles on her nose. And dark eyes pleading.

"My ankle hurts," she said.

It was too much.

"Michaele," he said, and forgave her.

The salt tears on her cheek, her lips trembling to his. A silver bell ringing. It would never stop. The little mare looked down at them, from up the trail, and went on cropping grass. A chipmunk ran up a young pine and chattered.

Michaele whispered presently, "We'll get married, won't we?"

"Wait a minute." He was frowning down at her. "Can you cook? Can you even boil an egg?"

Michaele sniffed away tears. "That's easy." Her dark eyes were insolent again. "You get an egg, a big one—keep him in hot water."

The sun was shining and they were laughing, with the wonder of each other. Why not? June is for courage and laughter.

"Well, I hope you're better than the last man they put on this beat. He was continually getting shot!"

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

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"Pull out those Spark Plugs" AND PUT IN " A SET OF CHAMPIONS

"I'M THROUGH with 'bargain' spark plugs. Put in a set of those new extra range Champions, and make it snappy. Why, since buying those 'gyp' plugs my car has lost power—won't pick up—bucks like a steer, and is hard to start—they would have been expensive if they gave 'em to me. Bet I've lost in gas alone more than this set of new Champions will cost • I know I'll save with Champions—I've used them for years and know what I'm getting when I buy them—dependable ignition that's what! • I've learned my lesson once and for all. From now on I'll know who is behind the equipment I buy" • Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio; Windsor, Ontario.

CHAMPION
EXTRA-RANGE
SPARK PLUGS

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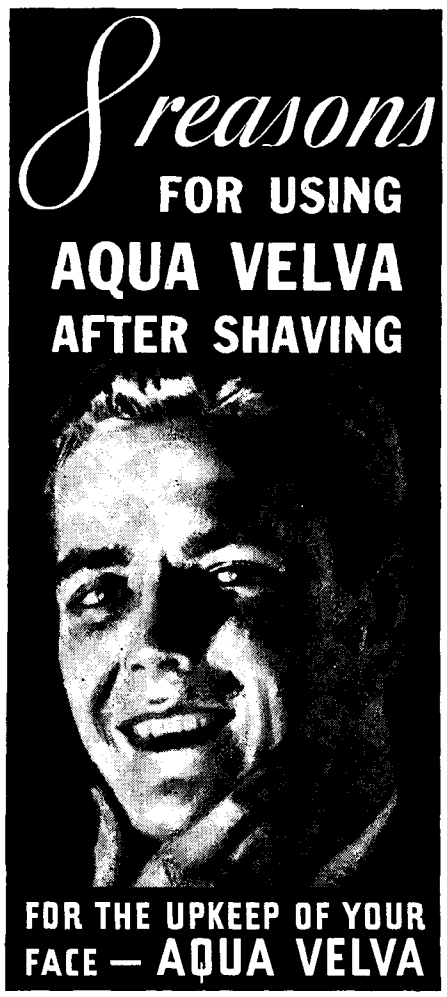

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These are the things it does—so well you'll soon see the difference:

1. Gives a sparkling refreshing tingle.
2. Helps to care for tiny nicks and cuts.
3. Helps to conserve the skin's natural moisture.
4. Keeps the skin flexible.
5. Guards against dust and germs.
6. Helps protect from sun and wind.
7. Takes away the oily feel that sometimes lingers on the face.
8. The sum of all these things—*helps to keep the face looking and feeling Fit!*

Help the upkeep of your face with *Aqua Velva*. After every shave, lather or latherless, *Aqua Velva* gives the necessary lasting touch. Take home a bottle with you tonight. Remember, the cost per day is about as much as one cigarette. You'll find it the best possible companion for your morning shave.

Aqua Velva is blended by the makers of Williams lather Shaving Cream and Williams Glider Brushless Shave. Either one of these fine creams is a perfect Companion-In-Arms for *Aqua Velva* in keeping Faces Fit!

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
GLASTONBURY, CONN. MONTREAL, CAN.

The Light that Blinds

Continued from page 24

He was Mr. Roosevelt's secretary when Mr. Roosevelt was governor of New York.

Colonel Howe is a worn and fragile-looking person who has given his life to promoting the President's political fortunes. He is credited with being shrewd politically. He had an office at Democratic national headquarters in New York and exercised an authority equal to and perhaps superior to that of James A. Farley, chairman of the Democratic National Committee. When he wanted to talk to Mr. Farley, he would telephone and request Mr. Farley to come and see him, which Mr. Farley did. This is an old habit of the colonel's. When he was secretary to Mr. Roosevelt in Washington before, he would sometimes call up an admiral of the Navy and bid him come to his desk.

I have heard Mr. Farley quoted as saying of some plan he had in mind, "I think Howe is for it too," implying that the support of Howe was important. So I think it may be said of Colonel Howe that he is the first secretary to be an important adviser of a President since Joseph P. Tumulty was secretary to Wilson. To the rest of the world Howe is a distant, taciturn man.

If anyone grows jealous of Colonel Howe it will probably not be the other members of the secretariat, but rather the persons who aspire to be close advisers of the President.

Tumulty the Powerful

A President's secretary, if he is something more than a person who makes appointments for him and shows persons into the President's office—if, in fact, he is an adviser of the President—is a person of power and may arouse jealousy among other would-be advisers. Mr. Tumulty did, as Wilson's secretary, and he was no lean and hungry Cassius awakening suspicions of secret and selfish purposes, but a lively Irishman who was everybody's friend.

Like Colonel Howe, Tumulty had been with Wilson before he became President. He was Wilson's secretary when Wilson was governor of New Jersey. Wilson knew nothing of politics when he became governor, and Tumulty had been in politics all his life. When he became the governor's secretary, he was an assemblyman in New Jersey. He had an uncanny insight into the workings of the politician's mind and an acute prescience regarding popular reactions. So Wilson came to rely on his advice.

To illustrate how important an adviser he was: it was Tumulty who induced Wilson to reject the first German application for an armistice and to insist upon the abdication of the Hohenzollerns before treating with Germany for a cessation of hostilities.

Naturally a person so close to the President as Tumulty aroused the jealousies of others. In those days there were two courts, one all the time at the White House and the other in Colonel House's apartment in New York.

Tumulty's rivals sought to undermine him through House. His telephone was tapped. He was watched in the evenings, when he was generally to be found spending his time with such boon companions and good Democrats as Tom Pence and Ollie James. Reports were made to House about him. House once told him so, with a smile, for House was above petty intrigue.

Still the cabal was nearly successful. Wilson at the end of his first administration for a time thought of promoting Tumulty to a more ornamental job and getting a new secretary but was persuaded to abandon the idea. Still Tumulty was never as close to Wilson in the second administration as he was in the first.

But in the second administration the stars of all of Wilson's favorite advisers declined. In the account of The Strangest Friendship in History, the break between Wilson and House is ascribed to the influence of the second Mrs. Wilson, whom Wilson married just before his second election. And most of the favorites are jealous enough to ascribe their downfall to the second wife.

But there is another factor that they all leave out of the reckoning. And that is the change that the second marriage made in Wilson himself. Presidents have an office and keep office hours like any business man. The office is in a wing of the White House erected in the administration of Theodore Roosevelt. Up to the time of his second marriage Wilson kept office hours in this office just as his predecessors, beginning with Roosevelt, and his successors have kept them. After his second marriage Wilson rarely ever came to this office but stayed practically all the time in the White House.

This change of habits indicated a withdrawal of Wilson from his friends. The President was devoted to his wife and spent most of his time in her company. Not only had another come to take the place in his life of his old intimates but he himself had become less accessible. One visits a man on public business much more readily in his office than in his own home.

House lingered on as an intimate of Wilson's until the Paris peace conference. During the conference Wilson appears to have become convinced that House had, as his representative in Europe, built up too friendly relations with the Allied leaders to be a trusted adviser to him in the peace negotiations. Mrs. Wilson, according to the accepted account, played an important part in convincing her husband that House was no longer a safe adviser.

Colonel House reappeared in the campaign for Mr. Roosevelt's nomination, along with Henry Morgenthau and others who had played a part in Wilson's nomination. He had a slate of Cabinet members for Mr. Roosevelt as he had one for Wilson. But so far as I heard the slate it was not so successful as the one he proposed in 1912.

There won't be any Colonel House, whether by that name or another, in the Roosevelt administration. There is a robust self-assurance about the new President that Wilson lacked in his relations with men. But there are persons about him who will arouse envy in the bosoms of those who fear that the smile the President has for themselves does not mean as much as the smile which he has for a few chosen advisers.

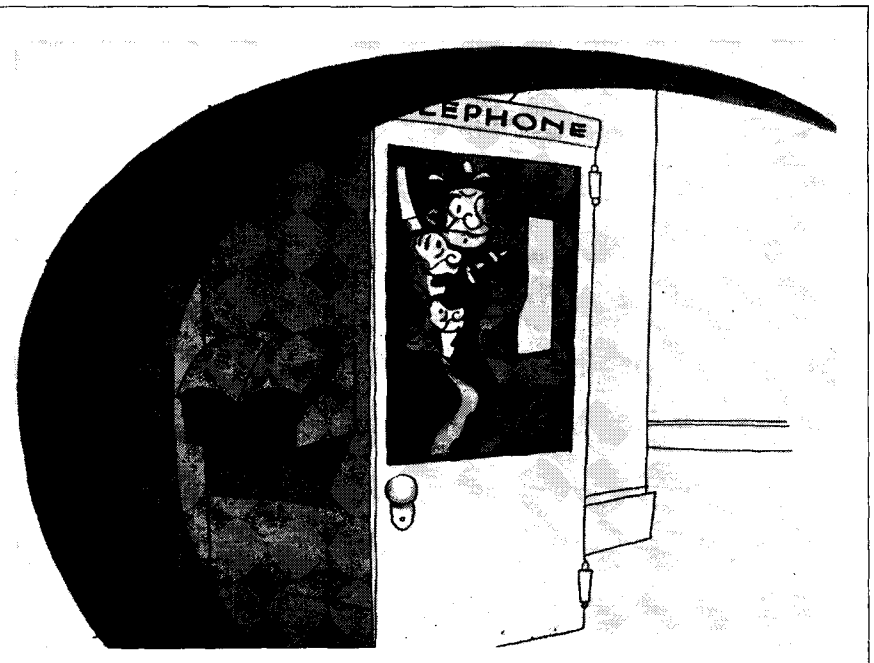
A Holiday for Jealousy

There is his campaign manager, Mr. Farley, a diplomatic Irishman, who is bound to be popular in Washington. Senator Byrnes rose quickly to a position of favor. Swagar Sherley is another person on whose advice the President relies. Bernard M. Baruch, who was close to Wilson, will also be close to the new President. Cordell Hull is another for whose opinion the President has a high regard. Others may come into the picture as the administration goes on.

In the Democratic party there is the division between progressives and regulars. The progressives, or some of them, think that they brought about Mr. Roosevelt's nomination. Some of them were already jealous, before he came to office, every time he called one of the conservatives into conference. This is one of the jealousies inevitable whenever a President has to smile upon two factions of his party. Hoover and Coolidge avoided this factional jealousy by completely ignoring the progressives in the Republican party.

Also the more important the issues are with which a President has to deal, the more eager men are to play a part in it by getting close to the President. That, as well as the peculiarity of Wilson's nature, explained the extraordinary jealousies that existed in Wilson's administrations.

President Roosevelt may exercise more power and decide questions more vital to the nation than any of his predecessors. But he is a masterly politician and may provoke among the courtiers no more than the usual jealousy that occurs in every administration.



"This is Worthington, Fitzmore and Longhaven, Inc., calling . . ." *Lawrence La Riar*

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Motor Oil?

. . . just use this simple arithmetic!

1 Gallon Quaker State = 4 quarts net lubrication

1 Gallon ordinary oil = 3 quarts net lubrication + 1 quart waste

1 extra quart of lubrication in every gallon of Quaker State

HOW YOU GET THAT EXTRA QUART

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It's not a claim. It's a fact. Put in 4 quarts of ordinary oil, and about one quart will be "light-end" oil that breaks down in high-speed, high-compression motors... blows away.

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·2·

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·3·

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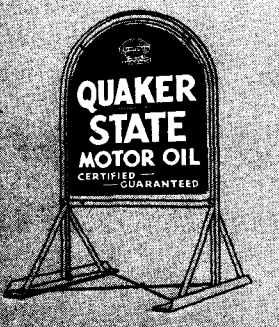
Look for the Quaker State sign. Most places now supply Quaker State from the patented green-and-white drum...double-sealed at the refinery. Quaker State Oil Refining Company, Oil City, Pa.



QUAKER STATE

Motor Oils

AND SUPERFINE GREASES

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There ought to be a Law!

WOMEN COMPLAIN

IT seems the women want another law. (Yes, still another!) Here's how a recent letter explains it:

"Men are supposed to know practically everything. Well, we'd just like to ask—don't they know they perspire (just the same as women, only more, usually)? Don't they know the unpleasant consequences of underarm perspiration? Don't they know they ought to do something about it? *There ought to be a law compelling men to use Mum!*"

Their words, men—not ours. But we'll have to admit: men *do* offend with underarm odor quite as often as women.

And it's so unnecessary! A quick rub-in of Mum under the arms when you dress gives you protection for the whole day.

This pleasant cream deodorant just suits a man. Takes no time to use, is harmless to clothing, soothing to skin, and doesn't interfere with perspiration.

Keep a jar of Mum in the bathroom. Take it on your trips—Mum travels well; doesn't spill or scatter. Use it regularly every day and the women won't need to pass laws about *you!* All toilet counters have Mum, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

SOOTHES AND COOLS BURNING FEET. Another thing—use Mum on your feet when they ache and burn and perspire. It destroys every trace of perspiration odor and keeps hose and shoe linings fresh.

A Perfect Gentleman

Continued from page 14

The captain was a good guy at heart, but the admirals kept him scairt to death all the time and he'd fine you a month's pay or stick you in the brig for caulking in the wrong corner. Caulking means sleeping. At that, the Arizona was 'way and ahead the best ship in the fleet.

Mr. Truinghasser failed to show up with the automobile as per agreement. Whereupon Mr. Bosker magnificently summoned a taxicab.

In the taxicab something happened which made Naomi doubt for a moment if Mr. Bosker was a true gentleman. She reached for the door handle. But Mr. Bosker laughed.

"I was just finding out something, Sis. Calm down. It's okay."

PROCEEDING toward Glendale, Mr. Bosker explained his momentarily ungentlemanly actions.

To Naomi the explanation was thoroughly convincing and restored her full confidence in Mr. Bosker. You see, Mr. Bosker merely had been trying to find out if Naomi was really a good woman. Mr. Bosker—why he respected and honored all good women like they were his mother. The trouble was, sometimes women who were not good women pretended they were. Such a one had fooled Mr. Bosker at San Diego when he was on the McCawley. Mr. Bosker had respected and honored this dame; he had spent his dough on her; and all the time other guys right on his own ship were laughing at Mr. Bosker.

Naomi was so happy to discover that Mr. Bosker had no evil intentions and was different from other sailors, after all, that she allowed him to hold her hand for two whole blocks.

They separated half a block from Grandma's.

Mr. Bosker said: "I'd like mighty well to meet your grandmother."

Naomi stammered: "Yeah, but she's gone to bed ages ago. Besides—"

"I get you. She don't like sailors."

"It ain't that, exactly. She's awful particular, though. She don't like for me to have boy friends. It's on account of my career."

"Career?"

"Yeah. At the store. I'm studying to be a buyer. Mr. Ennehew says he considers I got a good future if I apply myself and don't get married."

"Oh. I see. Well, I don't guess you'd be interested then—"

"Interested in what?"

"I thought maybe I and you could step out right often. Take a day like tomorrow, f'r instance—"

Naomi assured Mr. Bosker that a day like tomorrow would not injure her career. Mr. Bosker suggested they might drive down the coast, and maybe look at the mission at Capistrano. Naomi thought that would be real educative.

Alas, Virgie Smith saw Naomi and Mr. Bosker setting forth next day. Virgie told Florabelle. And Florabelle told the other girls at the store.

When Naomi reported for work at the tinware counter Monday morning, the scandal had spread. Naomi Stillson was going with a sailor!

Anna Marie was the only one who said anything right out. She said: "I hear you've joined the Navy, kid."

Naomi put her chin up.

"What's it *to* you?"

"What you getting sore about? I merely remarked that—"

"He's a nice fella, see? He's a whole lot nicer than *some* fellas I seen friends of mine with."

"I don't even know the guy, Naomi. I only said—"

"Well, you needn't say."

Every time a sailor came into the dime store, the girls looked significantly in Naomi's direction. Naomi pretended not to notice. A girl like her—why she could afford to be broad-minded and not get sore. Florabelle and Anna Marie and Pearl and the others just simply didn't know no better.

They didn't know Mr. Bosker. Why, Mr. Bosker spoke five languages. He could paralyze your arm or your leg just by pressing a finger on a certain place. It was called jiujitsu. Mr. Bosker could play any kind of musical instrument by ear. Lieutenant Hilary, who ran the "Happy Hour" on the Arizona, practically turned the whole program over to Mr. Bosker. He did imitations, too. Naomi nearly died laughing when Mr. Bosker imitated a one-armed Chinaman with the hives.

Why couldn't a girl go with a wonderful man like Mr. Bosker without everybody insinuating that something awful was bound to happen?

When Naomi got home that evening, Grandma Stillson was crying in the kitchen.

"The flowers told me," she said. "How could you do it, Naomi?"

"Do what?"

"Associate with a sailor and deceive me so?"

Naomi tossed her head.

"Mr. Bosker is a true gentleman, Grandma."

Grandma sniffed.

"I'll have to write your father."

"He's a nice fella. I'll invite him to dinner and you'll—"

"Look at the darling zinnias. They're shaking their heads. It's a warning, Naomi. You must never see this man again. Promise me—"

"Aw, phooey."

But Naomi was worried. She liked Mr. Bosker too much. It was almost too good to be true the way you could like a fella that much. She didn't get to see Mr. Bosker for five whole days. The Arizona was doing somepin called short-range battle practice and Mr. Bosker couldn't get off.

FINALLY he did get off, and he and Naomi went to Hollywood to see the movie stars attend an opening at Grauman's Chinese. Mr. Bosker was a great admirer of Mary Astor while Naomi's preference was James Cagney. Neither appeared at the opening.

In a booth at the Elite, Mr. Bosker said: "You look kinda peaked, Sis. What's eating you?"

"Aw . . . nothin' . . . except . . . well, I don't guess I can have any more dates."

"You mean, with me?"

"Yeah. Grandma . . . well, she's just got the idea in her head . . . well, you know . . . about sailors and all."

Mr. Bosker waved his hand in the grand manner.

"She'll come around all right when I'm an officer."

"An officer?"

"Sure. I'll just take the exam and go to Annapolis and get me a commission. Been meaning to do it for a long time but I just never got around to it."

"Oh, Mister Bosker. Not a *real* officer?"

Mr. Bosker gulped a spoonful of chile con carne.

"Sure. They send twenty guys from the fleet every year. And listen . . . how about calling me Bill?"

Naomi gasped again. She saw Mr. Bosker, with gray gloves and a big spyglass tied around his neck, pacing the quarterdeck. When Mr. Bosker was a real officer they'd take off their hats to him, all righty. She'd go out to the ship and Mr. Bosker would show her the back end where the officers lived. He wouldn't be a sailor any more. He'd be a real officer.

"That's awful swell, Bill," she exulted. "When will you start being a real officer?"

"I got to take the exam first and then I got to go to Annapolis," said Mr. Bosker, vaguely. "Say, let's go out to Santy Monica and listen to the band concert."

Well, that evening Naomi was so kinda happy and excited, she put her head on Bill's shoulder at the band concert. Afterward they walked along the beach and sat on the sand. Bill put his arm around her and said: "Kinda like me, Sis?" She said: "Yeah. You like me, Bill?" So Bill kissed her and they got engaged. Bill said he'd give her a jade ring he boughten off a fireman on the way back from China. The ring was a honey.

"When you gonna take the exam to be a real officer?" she inquired.

"Pretty soon. Say, I've sure fell hard for you. Gimme a great big one."

Naomi told Grandma all about it. Grandma was very much surprised. She agreed to invite Bill to dinner. There was a big difference between a sailor and a fella that was going to be a real officer.

BILL came over to the bungalow to dinner. He and Grandma got along just fine. A real officer's widow belonged to the Flower Hearts of Truth, so Grandma knew that Bill would be somebody. Bill liked Naomi's pecan coffee cake and he liked Grandma's apple pie and everything was just grand. Even when Grandma started talking about the hearts of flowers, Bill was a perfect gentleman. He said: "Yeah, Mrs. Stillson, that's right. I often noticed that myself."

"When you gonna take the exam, Bill?" Naomi asked, when they were parlored in.

"Any day now. I got to hear from the admiral first. C'mere. . . ."

Naomi kept reminding Bill about the examination. The night he gave her the jade ring, he said: "I'm getting things set. Maybe in a week." A week later, he said: "I got to see the skipper tomorrow. I and the skipper'll fix it up."

Proudly flaunting the jade ring, Naomi said casually to Anna Marie: "I and Mr. Bosker are engaged. He's going to be a real officer."

"A real officer? Aw—"

"Soon as he takes the exam he's gonna go to Annapolis. You know . . . where Ramon Novarro went in that picture that time."

"Annapolis! Gee, kid, that's great!"

The girls at the dime store were pretty sick, all righty. They quit kidding Naomi about sailors.

But Virgie Smith burst the bubble. Virgie was an authority on the Navy.

"Annapolis? Hunh!"

"I guess you think I'm lying."

Virgie looked at Naomi, pityingly.

"So you're gonna wait four years for Bill?"

"It don't take that long. He's already got lots of experience—"

"It takes four years. And how I know is—remember Georgia Denny? Well, she waited four years. She got engaged to Homer Labell while he was

(Continued on page 36*)*

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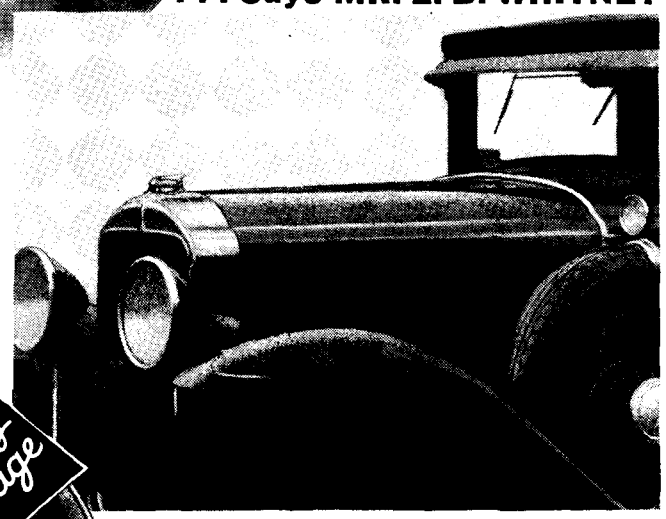

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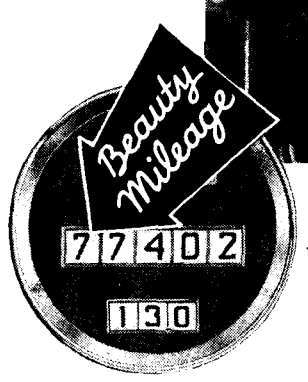

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MOTORISTS WISE

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A Perfect Gentleman

Continued from page 34

going to Hollywood High." And Virgie chuckled bitterly.

"I'd wait longer'n that for Bill."

"You poor little kid."

"Why . . . what's . . . say . . . what *is* this—"

"Listen, Naomi, did you ever see an officer?"

"Sure, I have."

"Well, an officer don't see *you*. Not unless you're a society girl with lots of dough and a swell education. Go ast Georgia Denny. She'll tell you what Annapolis does to a guy. Homer give her the air."

"Huh. Bill ain't that kind—he wouldn't never get snooty."

"You better forget it, Naomi. Honest. Navy officers don't marry girls that work in dime stores."

At first Naomi just couldn't believe it. But she remembered those snooty officers on the battleship—how they had acted. Still and all, Bill wouldn't . . . but Bill hadn't ever said anything in so many words about getting married. Was it because Bill wanted to wait until he was a real officer? And four years. Gee, she hadn't thought it would take Bill more'n a few months. Four years. . . .

NAOMI didn't know exactly why she acted like she did. But there sat Bill in his nice blue sailor's uniform on Grandma's sofa. There he sat, bragging about the exam he was going to take in the morning and how he'd be a real officer.

"You get a hundred and forty bucks a month. And are you king! Say, you should see them guys walkin' dog at the Breakers over to Long Beach! And the parties they throw at the Butler up to Seattle."

"Yeah, I'll bet," said Naomi.

Bill crossed his legs and lighted a cigarette.

"C'mere and be my honey."

"Bill, listen, it takes four years—"

"Four years? For *me?* Nah. I could do that course in a year with what I know."

"But when you're a real officer you won't have any time for—for girls like me."

"Sure I will."

"I bet you won't. I bet you'll change your mind or somepin."

"*Me?* Nah. Not me. I ain't that kind."

"Well . . . if you love me, why do we hafta wait till you're a real officer?"

"Wait? For what?"

"Why . . . to get married."

"Oh . . . that. Well, it's this way, Sis. A guy that's studying to be an officer can't be married. It's against the regs. I sure would like to marry you right away, but it's against the regs, see?"

"I'd ruther be married and not have you an officer!"

"Say, now, that's a fine way to act. You talk me into signing up for the exam to be an officer and now you say you don't want me to get a commish."

"I've changed my mind. Let's get married right away."

"I'd sure like to, Sis, but I'm hooked. Y'see, as soon as I told the skipper I wanted to be an officer he went for it in a big way. It's on account of they're short of real good material. I got to take that exam in the morning."

Well, it seemed like all of Naomi's worst faults took hold of her character. She got to thinking of some way to stop Bill from taking that exam. She pretended like everything was all right, but she was thinking mean, dirty trick thoughts. And on the pantry shelf there were several bottles of dandelion wine. It was sacramental wine and belonged to the Flower Hearts of Truth. Sometimes—why, a girl gets so wrought up she does terrible things. Grandma had gone to the temple for a meeting and there was nobody of real strong character around to stop Naomi.

She said, after a long conversation: "Say, Bill, could you use a little wine?"

Bill said: "Could I? Your grandma make it?"

So Bill took a drink from a glass pretty full of wine and said: "Aw, there ain't any wine *that* strong." He made a face and took a second drink to prove to himself that he was mistaken about how strong Grandma's wine was. Then he took a third glass just to show Naomi that he was not in the slightest intoxicated.

By that time Naomi was awful scairt and hid the wine bottle. Bill thought he really ought to have a fourth glass, but when Naomi said no, Bill took it like a gentleman. Only, he started singing. He sang kinda loud and Naomi got worried about that. She knew that Mr. Costigan, who lived next door, was awful cranky about anyone singing late at night. But Bill went right on singing.

Sure enough, Mr. Costigan poked his head out the window and yelled, "Hey, give that radio a rest. It needs tuning, anyway." Bill couldn't help but hear Mr. Costigan, as his house and Grandma's were built so close together.

Bill poked his head out the window and yelled: "That wasn't no radio. That was me. Listen to this one." And he started singing again, a song about the chickens having no feet in Ilo Ilo. That got Mr. Costigan, who was in the piano-moving business, very angry. He and Bill had words. Naomi had ought to of kept out of it. But she wasn't gonna have Mr. Costigan insult her guest just on account of a little singing. Well, the upshot of it all was that Mr. Costigan came out of his house to make Bill quit singing. And Bill, still the perfect gentleman, said: "You passed some remarks about my lady friend that I don't like." So he shoved Mr. Costigan and Mr. Costigan shoved back.

Oh, it was terrible! Bill struck Mr. Costigan some very hard blows, and just then Grandma came home from the Flower Hearts of Truth Temple. Grandma said: "That drunken sailor. The flowers warned me." Bill and Mr. Costigan were still fighting, so Grandma called the police. And Naomi had the hysterics, begging Bill not to kick in Mr. Costigan's screen door. The police came and took Bill away.

BEFORE sunrise, the next morning, Naomi was on her way to San Pedro. At the boat landing she demanded to see the captain of the Arizona. The shore-patrol man looked impressed when she added: "It's about Bill Bosker." He asked her to wait in the shack.

Half an hour later a real officer came ashore in a motor boat. The real officer was sort of old and not very snooty. To him Naomi blurted out the whole story. The real officer said to the shore-patrol man: "This will save Bosker from serious trouble. The police at Glendale have him charged with enough to give him life in Portsmouth." Later Naomi dictated and signed her statement of the night's events.

When it was over, the real officer said:

"By the way, you must be mistaken about the examination for Annapolis. It won't be held for some time. I'm

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quite sure Bosker isn't eligible. He's more than twenty years old, isn't he? Yes . . . he must be. He's been in the service nine years."

Naomi burst into tears. The real officer patted her shoulder and said: "You go on home and get some rest, and don't take sailors' yarns so seriously after this."

"I'm glad he lied to me. I'm so glad he lied to me," Naomi sobbed.

Whereupon the real officer said to the shore-patrol man: "You answer that one."

THAT afternoon, Naomi stood defiantly behind the tinware counter. The girls had heard of Bill Bosker's disgrace. Naomi could tell they had by the way they looked so sorry for her. And although Naomi kept up a brave front she was far from confident. Bill probably wouldn't never have any more to do with her.

A sailor come into the dime store. Naomi glanced toward him. Her shoulders sagged. It wasn't Bill Bosker. The sailor came straight to the tinware counter.

"You Miss Stillson?"

"Yeah."

"Bill sent you a note."

He thrust it at her and departed, jauntily:

Miss Naomi Stillson.

Dear Friend:

I sure want to thank you for squaring me. I am doing five and a half in the brig and lost my crew so am only seaman 1. cl. now. I did not meen to tell you I was to take exam for oficer but only did so to make a hit with your grdmothr. I sure am sorry I stalled on geting married but God's truth is I was flat brok and would not have no $ till the 28th inst. which is pay day. And that is part owed. But I sure will marry you now if you say the word only I am in the brig. But when I get out anyway. What do you say? I am well. Hoping you are the same, I am Respy.,

WILLIAM T. BOSKER
Seaman 1. cl. (Formly
Cox'n, U. S. N.)

P. S. You are the only dame in 10000000 who ever gave a sailor a break when stewd.

Florabelle came by.

"It's all right, kid," she said. "No bones broken and you've found out about sailors oncet and for all. You're lucky."

Naomi hugged the letter in her hand.

"Phooey," she said.

Three Bullets

Continued from page 22

"These were all crumpled and torn up and scattered on the rug. They may mean something."

We left the station-house and parted. Bassin was arrested, and I didn't see O'Malley for a couple of days.

"I found what paper them pieces come from," he announced when I met him. "It said 'Nassa,' so I thought that might mean Nassau County and it might be some paper published on Long Island. Well, it was."

He had a copy of the issue from which the fragment had been torn. It came out of a paragraph about community work in Nassau County.

"I don't see," I said, "what that article could have to do with the murder."

"It ain't got nothing. I wanted to find out who subscribed to that paper. Well, Carlton didn't, and Bassin and Mrs. Lessing don't. Some guys that belong to the shooting club do."

We drove out on Long Island to the shooting club. A Negro attendant showed us around.

"Mr. Bassin a good pistol shot?" O'Malley asked him.

"Yassah. Very fine shot."

"How about Mr. Carlton?"

"He was good. Mrs. Lessing, too."

"How about Lessing?"

"Mr. Lessing don't shoot no revolvah. He shoot clay pigeons. Mr. Lessing say he can't hit a barn doah with a revolvah, can't hit a bale of hay. He hit it, though."

"Hit what?"

"Bale of hay."

"Let's get this: Mr. Bassin and Mr. Lessing were talking about pistol shooting and Mr. Lessing took Mr. Bassin's revolver and fired it at a bale of hay?"

"Yassah. And plenty times he hit it."

"When was this?"

"Two, three weeks ago."

We got back in the car and went to look for Lessing. Since his divorce he had maintained quarters in several clubs. One was a golf club. He wasn't there but they said he was expected, so we waited. His servant let us wait in his rooms. They were luxurious. There were riding and golfing things about and there were several shotguns.

"Did Lessing subscribe to that newspaper?" I asked.

"That's right."

Then Lessing came in.

"The inspector wants to see you," O'Malley said.

We drove back to New York.

"Where were you, Mr. Lessing, the night Carlton got killed?" O'Malley asked him, as we started.

"I was on Long Island."

"You're lucky. If you'd happened to drive into town that night, and maybe took a bag of golf clubs with you, you might have been suspected."

"Possibly. No imbecility on the part of the police would surprise me."

"Yeah?" O'Malley answered. "Well, I'm going to be dumb enough to arrest you for this murder."

We took him to headquarters.

"SEE here, O'Malley," I said, after we had left him, "Lessing apparently committed this murder, but I don't get it."

"You better clean your eyeglasses. This Lessing is a guy that couldn't get along with his wife and can't get along without her, and he wasn't willing nobody else should have her. She was going with Carlton and Bassin and would probably marry one of 'em, and Lessing figured if one of 'em got killed and she thought the other one did it, she wouldn't marry either of 'em.

"He wanted some bullets that had been fired from Bassin's revolver. These guys all belonged to the shooting club, so that was easy. Lessing fired the revolver at a bale of hay, and afterward he got the bullets."

"Then what?"

"Then he took the shot out of a shotgun shell and put three bullets in place of it, packing 'em in tight with newspaper. When he shot Carlton, it blew the newspaper into little pieces all over the place."

"Very neat!" I appreciated. "But Lessing took a long chance of someone's seeing him with that gun."

"You won't ever get smart. Didn't you hear what I said to him? He carried the shotgun in a golf bag."

"A nice piece of work!" I gloated.

"You think I done a good job? Well, I guess some of these other cops will get a lot of credit out of it," he answered.

Is He Foolish or is he Not?

Careful of his golf clubs... *heedless of his* TEETH *and* GUMS

What a bad sense of proportion many a man has. He won't mistreat his golf clubs—yet he'll neglect his teeth and gums, and allow himself to develop "pink tooth brush."

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A new shirt if one ever shrinks

Where Love comes First

Continued from page 11

hair. And it seemed to her that the tall stranger was such a man. The blood rushed in a warm flood to her throat and heart, and her eyes half closed.

Gregory had to force himself to talk. A touch of magic had transformed the ravine of the Stone Riders, banishing the centuries, bringing treasures within reach of his hand. Except for her dress, this Bakhtiari girl might have been a Greek or high-bred Persian of that elder day. The clear line of forehead and nose and the fresh firm lips were those of a statue. He knew that some of these mountain tribes traced their descent from the Greeks.

And the diadem! It fitted her perfectly. Yet it should go to a museum. How could he buy it from her? She probably knew nothing about money—her world was limited to the village. But what could he give her in exchange?

"You like them, O my Sarkar?" She had an uncanny way of guessing his thoughts. "Good. I will wear them all when we go down. Look, it is nearly dark and no one will see."

WITH his camera slung to his shoulder Gregory descended the ravine, while Ayesha walked happily at his side. She had rounded up her goats and moved slowly so that they could follow. The last glow of sunset stretched along the plain below them and darkness hid the village.

At his tent Ayesha disappeared to put her charges in the pen. But she was back almost at once helping him to build a fire. In the flickering light she seemed changed in reality to another being. She smiled when he stared at her, and the smile crept from her lips into her eyes that were like jewels of darkness.

"O child," he said at last, "will they not punish you for taking off the veil?"

"The men are not here, and my father's other wives punish me anyway. But now they cannot punish me."

He remembered that while there had been plenty of spectators of his evening meal the two previous nights, he had seen no one this evening. And he wondered why Ayesha had discarded the veil before him.

"Also," she observed contentedly, "I am not a child. I am a woman."

"Nay, thou art a child."

She tossed her head, and the beads jingled. Deftly she helped him prepare dinner. But she took her share a little to one side and ate with her back turned to him. Then she washed the dishes, examining them curiously. While he filled and lighted his pipe she explored the tent, examining the narrow army cot dubiously, and finally coming to rest on the carpet beside him.

Obediently she lifted her head when he studied the goldwork upon the moon-shaped necklace, but she did not wish to talk. A pulse throbbed in her throat, and the blood that darkened her cheeks clouded her clear eyes. Suddenly she sprang away and vanished into the night.

"What is it?" he called after her, receiving no answer. He half rose to follow, and then swore at himself. Now that she had gone, he missed her. Calling himself several kinds of a fool, he went into the tent, flung himself down on the cot, and picked up a book restlessly.

Without a sound Ayesha reappeared. She carried a gray kitten under one arm. "Malikeh was hungry—she did not understand."

Gregory let the book fall and sat up. The girl searched the tent until she found an empty box with canvas folded in it. Pushing the kitten into the box, she came over to the cot. "Now, O heart of my heart," she whispered, "I am no longer afraid. I will not run from thy house again."

He stroked her head, his fingers passing through the flood of her hair. "But," he whispered back, "you must go from my house."

She looked up, startled, unbelieving. "Nay, am I not thy woman? Wilt thou not have me—Gre-goree?"

Then far off a rifle cracked—first one and then several. Ayesha lifted her head curiously. Going to the entrance she flung back the flap.

Torches and lanterns flickered through the village, outlining human figures running from hut to hut. Farther down the slope the flashes of guns split the darkness.

"What is this?" Gregory asked.

Ayesha brushed the wind-tossed hair from her eyes. "This evening at sunset," she said, "my father and the others were down at the Isfahan road. They went to—to find some rice and wheat. Now it must be that the road police are following them. I heard them making plans by the fire in my father's house—"

Almost before Gregory realized what was happening the whole village was in motion up the hill and past the tent. The torches had been flung down, the lanterns extinguished as soon as they reached the road.

Ayesha was trembling with excitement. "*Ai,* they are going away from the village. *But I—but I—*"

Red bursts of flame stabbed the darkness, and bullets cracked through the air overhead.

IN a half hour lights showed again. The pursuers had dismounted in the village. Gregory saw stocky men in khaki uniforms. They carried carbines, and wore cartridge bandoleers over one shoulder. So they were regular cavalry, not road police. The light came from a burning house, into which the soldiers flung bundles of straw from time to time. Some of them, still mounted, were driving in cattle. Heavy clouds hid the line of the heights.

Ayesha had disappeared for a few moments, and returned irresolutely with downcast eyes. She whispered angrily that there had been spies in the hills, who carried word of the raid down to Isfahan. The Bakhtiari had paid no attention to Gregory—had not even taken the two horses that he had led in and tied near the tent. Now, except for Ayesha, they had all vanished up the mountain. Three officers, seeing the lighted tent, came over to investigate, and Ayesha went back into the tent.

Gregory explained that he was an American, visiting the mountains for scientific research, and they asked for his passport. They were young men armed with ornate scimitars hung reversed and low on their hips. Excited and pleased by the combat and pursuit, they spoke affably in French:

"And the girl who was here, Monsieur; what is she?"

"That is my affair."

"Then she is yours?"

"Yes."

They smiled, and began to talk about the raid. Gregory went into the tent for a bottle of whisky, and saw that Ayesha had discarded her ornaments, thrusting them under his blanket. She had drawn the veil up over her head and cheeks and sat impassively in the darkest corner. When he told her there was no danger she did not answer.

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After stiff drinks out of the American's aluminum cups, the officers seated themselves and lighted cigarettes. They explained that some forty Bakhtiari riders had held up a convoy of motor lorries carrying rice and wheat. The Bakhtiari had rifles—a crime under the new law. But the soldiers had been forewarned of the raid, and their troop had trailed the lorries, coming up and firing at once. They had killed Muhammad Ali, the leader of the tribesmen, with half a dozen others, and had taken prisoner the most active of the raiders.

Gregory thought of Muhammad Ali, Ayesha's father, who had welcomed him to the village. Probably Ayesha had known of his death, although she had not spoken of it.

"BRING the prisoner," one of the officers commanded; adding to Gregory, "He fought us all, when he was alone."

An orderly standing by the horses saluted and went off, returning presently with another soldier who held his carbine unslung. Before them limped a young tribesman, his wrists roped in front of him. He seemed to be wounded in the leg, and dried blood from a scalp cut streaked his lean face. But his eyes gleamed savagely as he stared at the closed tent. His sheepskin coat hung loosely over his bare shoulders. Gregory remembered seeing him the first day in the ravine.

"He is a devil," said the captain.

The tent flap opened and Ayesha came out, moving slowly to the American's side. The officers exchanged glances, and said nothing.

"Barak," she whispered.

The captive seemed to heed her not at all. He breathed deep, his head turned up to the clouds, and he crooned in his throat. Gregory caught the words of a song he had heard before among the tribes:

"Where the north wind whispers,
You have chained my feet,
And I wait. But never, never,
Will you chain my heart."

Barak spat on the ground, and turned away from them to the soldier with the carbine. And Ayesha's heart stirred in her. She had heard Barak singing this love song when he watched over the ravine, free as the eagles that circled above the rocks—and then had scattered her goats, calling her "Child." In the glow of the lantern she saw the dried blood upon his cheek, and an agony of fear swept through her.

"Do something," she whispered to Gregory. "*Ai*, soon they will take him away and shoot him. You are an Amrikai sahib—protect him."

Gregory shook his head. There was nothing on earth he could do. Under the veil Ayesha caught a strand of hair between her teeth, to keep from crying out. Barak would not look at her, and if she spoke the soldiers would only be amused. She had never felt pain in her heart before, and all the other men faded into nothingness beside Barak, who loved her, and who would be shot dead.

Then her eyes smiled up at Gregory and she drew him into the darkness beside the tent. "Please," she explained swiftly, "O Sarkar, do this for me. I am afraid of these soldiers. Saddle a horse, the fine white horse, and take me back to my people. Now, at once. *Please!*"

Gregory nodded and went to the white horse. Before he had untied the picket rope Ayesha staggered up with the saddle and headstall. In the darkness she worked more swiftly than he—forcing the bit between the horse's teeth and buckling the earstrap, hissing soothingly. He tightened the cinch, and took the rein over his arm.

"First," she warned him, "you must go to the officers and explain. Say you will be back soon—give them some more of the drink that makes them laugh and talk loud."

"Do you wish to go away, Ayesha?"

"Certainly." She tugged the rein over her arm. "I am frightened."

"Then we'll go," Gregory responded slowly. When they came into the lamplight, Ayesha leading the horse, he made his apologies to the officers, and told them to help themselves to the whisky while he was gone.

"Please," Ayesha whispered, as the officers took up the bottle with alacrity, "bring me Malikeh. The kitten."

When Gregory reached the kitten's box, he heard a stir behind him and the clank of a cup falling to the ground. Looking over his shoulder he saw a good many things happen at once. Ayesha had drawn the horse a little away from the tent, and she must have said something to Barak unheard by the others. For the stirrup was within his reach when the prisoner turned suddenly.

Flinging his roped arms over the saddle horn, Barak thrust his foot into the stirrup, and Ayesha clasped his waist, lifting the wounded man with all her strength. As Barak settled in the saddle, the white horse swerved, and Ayesha tossed the rein over the saddle horn, catching hold of the stirrup leather as she did so. In the next second, as Gregory ran out, the three were racing around the tent.

The officers reached after the girl in vain, while the soldier ran to one side and brought up his carbine. He fired once, before Gregory knocked up the weapon. A thudding of hoofs, a scattering of stones, and the white horse vanished behind the tent.

With all his nerves tense, Gregory walked to the tent ropes and searched the ground. But there was no sign of a wounded Ayesha. The hoof beat vanished into the darkness. He came back into a tumult of orders and cursing, while the nearest cavalrymen ran to their horses.

"Do you shoot down women?" he demanded of the captain.

The angry Persian glanced into the set face of the American, and shrugged. "You do not understand. You ought not to be in the Karatagh. Now you have lost a horse."

THE troopers did not come up with Barak. Hours later the white horse was walking up a trail in the ravine of the Stone Riders. It moved slowly because Ayesha walked beside it. Behind her crowded the black goats that she had taken from the pen after hearing the soldiers turn back into the rain.

They plodded on in silence, and there was no longer any pain in Ayesha's heart. Barak never took his eyes from the dark head that moved beside his knee. Once he leaned down until he could look into the girl's face, dim in the half light before dawn. He drew a long breath of satisfaction and whispered:

"Eh, thou art brave, my heart. My life is in thy hand."

"Nay"—she swallowed a sob—"mine is in thy hand. I—I am a child."

Barak laughed softly. "Now," he said, "O my loved one, thou art a woman."

At sunrise, down below the ravine of the Stone Riders, John Gregory finished packing, piece by piece, the priceless jewelry that had once belonged to the favorite of a great king. He worked very slowly, a cold pipe between his teeth, and when he held the last strap in his hand he did not fasten it. From the box in the corner Malikeh whined, and he looked down at the gray kitten.

"Damn!" he said heartily.

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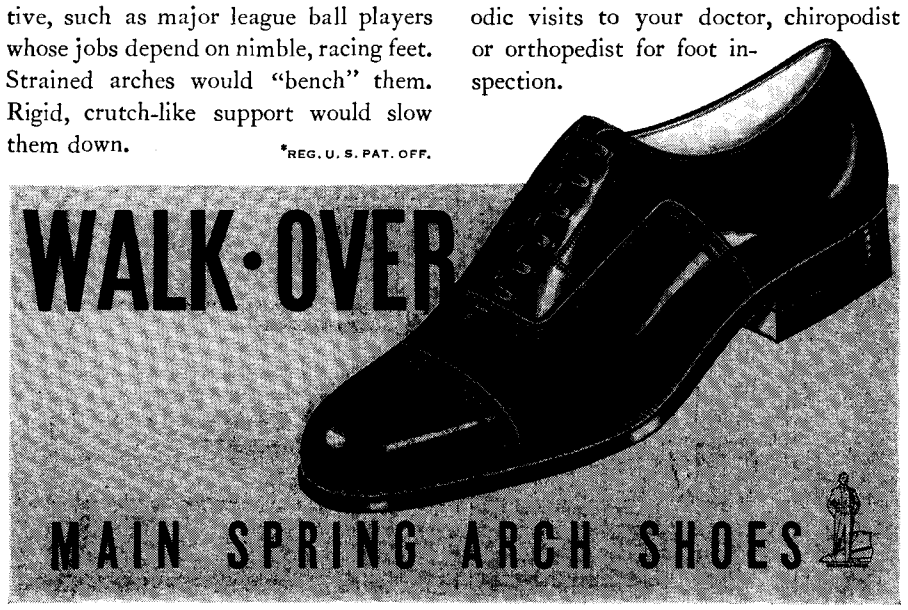

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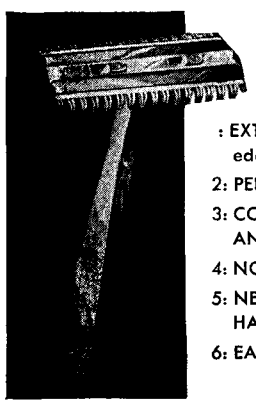

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Henry P. Davison

Continued from page 9

up he hung up his stocking as usual and the next morning he stole downstairs in the dark to see if Santa Claus had his new address. His stocking was hanging limp and empty; on the floor under it lay a pair of mittens. He went back to bed but not to sleep.

When he was ten he made a new friend, a friend for whose influence he was grateful throughout his life. That friend was his grandmother, Lucinda Pomeroy. The story of their coming together is a touching one: early one morning Harry knocked at her door and asked if he could live with her. From that day her home was his. Truly to understand either the boy or the man, you should know something of that grandmother. A woman of natural distinction, whose simple dignity always inspired deference, both generous and economical (a broken knife handle or a ragged basket served for years after it was securely wound with string) and, above all, religious. For her, religion was almost an obsession. But the grandmother was saved, humanly speaking, by a sense of humor, and Harry quickly learned to turn the subject away from a gloomy forecast of the future by introducing a gay note of irrelevancy, this to the mental health of them both. And so the old lady and the little boy lived together in half of a tiny house, he sleeping across the foot of her bed, as he was afraid to sleep upstairs alone.

A Typical Small-Town Boy

Harry was a typical boy in a country town, contributing with enthusiasm his share toward making Hallowe'en and the Fourth of July days to be dreaded. Money was scarce, his only source of revenue being the weekly income of ten cents earned by washing the windows of the bank. With soda water at five cents a glass and the sundries necessary for school, plus marbles and the et ceteras that every boy has in his pockets, this didn't go far. Tickets for admission to the annual fair, a minstrel show or a circus, were beyond his reach, but Harry had plenty of invention.

One day a man began to paste up posters announcing the arrival of Uncle Tom's Cabin. All the horrors and sentimental sorrows of the billboards were eagerly studied by the boys; they were ready and waiting for the show. The day of carting the scenery was a busy one; every load had to be followed from the railroad station to the opera house (the name was not an inadequate one for designating the room, upstairs back of the post office, which served the purpose of theater).

When the bloodhounds appeared it was more than Harry could bear. He had no ticket and no chance of one; he had to think quickly. He took a friend, the smallest he could find, by the hand and knocked on the door of the stage entrance; he explained that his small companion could be available for the cast, on condition that he, Harry, were admitted as a spectator. Luckily, the candidate was just the one needed for the scene of Eliza crossing the ice, and Harry sat in the front row.

Among the many playmates who stood ready to rally around Harry at the first call, the one he loved most was young Dan Pomeroy, Uncle Merrick's only son. Dan, in turn, worshipped Harry. For better, for worse, they shared their escapades: they were inseparable. The tie of brotherhood between the two cousins became still stronger when Uncle Merrick decided to build a house large enough to gather most of the scattered family under one roof. He had already adopted Henrietta; and now Aunt Phronie joined them with Mary, and Grandma Pomeroy with Harry. A broad and generous hospitality, but to children it had its drawbacks, for Uncle Merrick was the most severely careful man in the world. He had kept his lumber twenty years before his cellar was dug, so that it should be well seasoned. The plaster was without a crack and the windows never stuck. Four lively children in an immaculate new house were in constant disgrace: doors slammed when the knob slipped, and it was impossible to remember not to touch the paint.

The Pomeroys were all self-made men, ardent believers in education and in work. Harry remembered being greatly impressed when his uncle Merrick took him one day to watch some men digging a gutter and said to him:

"Those men have had none of the advantages of education and, you see, their life is hard; study, my boy, so that your lot may be a different one."

He studied. When school was out there were always duties to be done: the cow to milk or the horse to clean, and during the vacation he was a clerk in John Dobbins' hardware store. Perhaps Harry's farming system had a touch of leisure about it not altogether professional. The barn was five minutes from the pasture; he never walked to get the cow if he could have a horse to ride. This failing, he walked to the pasture and rode the cow down to the barn. Forty years later, the milking vocabulary was still fresh in his mind. At a Bradford County dinner in New York, his neighbor at table challenged him on his practical knowledge of a real farmer's life:

"Well," said Harry, "I have spent more time milking cows than attending directors' meetings."

This gave the opening for a test:

"What do you say to a cow when you sit down to milk her?" asked the doubter.

"Heist," said Harry.

The man was convinced.

A Youthful Country Schoolmaster

When Harry was fifteen he took charge of a country school for the summer. Everyone knows the type of little red schoolhouse by a dusty road, with the water pail and dipper by the door, and the hats hanging above them on a row of pegs. The school was in a little hamlet called Canton, ten miles from Troy, and Betsy, the old family horse, took Harry over Sunday afternoons. He was to be boarded by the farmers, a week with each one, and Betsy was to go for him every Friday. Much to the surprise of the family, Harry walked home Monday night, having taught one day: he was homesick. Early next morning Betsy took him back. After that he stuck it out for the summer.

It so happened that on the first trip over to Canton Dan Pomeroy, who was to drive Betsy home again, stayed to see Harry open his school for the first time. Harry had made up his mind beforehand that the job was to be properly done. He decided that the right way was to lead the school in reciting the Lord's prayer. No sooner had he made a fair start than Dan Pomeroy got a fit of giggles which, to his dismay, Harry caught himself. They were both in difficulties until the prayer was finished, although the noise of the students' voices helped them out somewhat. The moment the ordeal was over Harry jumped to his feet, glowered at the school, banged the desk and announced: "Henceforth there will be no more laughter during the Lord's prayer!"

The whole school-teaching experience was a fortunate one. Harry's ambitions had been stirred. He said:

"Grandma, if you will send me to boarding school, I will be a good boy always."

That autumn his wish was gratified, and Greylock Institute, in South Williamstown, Massachusetts, was the school chosen. South Williamstown is in the midst of that wonderful region of the Berkshires, where thousands of American youths have been stimulated by the bracing air of western New England and inspired by the vigorous instruction of New England teachers.

School Days at Greylock

Greylock was a world not so different in spirit, perhaps, from the rather parochial atmosphere of his native Troy, nestling in the rugged hills of northern Pennsylvania. Yet the Institute gave Harry a new and fresh outlook. It gave him a wider circle of friends whose families were usually active in the affairs of their communities, and who, to his manifest advantage, remembered him with kindly interest in his later days, before the time had come when he no longer needed a friend or two at court. Above everything else, Greylock sobered Davison and turned him from a care-free boy into a young man, never lacking in high spirits or desire for a good time, but at last imbued with the knowledge that the business of life is serious and that he must be up and about it.

Davy, as he was called by his schoolmates, was—according to his school friends—more popular with a greater number of boys than any other student in the school. One of them, Charles Sabin, now the well-known banker, writes of one amusing episode of their school life:

"Davy's attention to his studies never interfered with his keen and ever-ready response to a joke. I have a vivid recollection of one of these, which turned out to be a masterpiece of joy to the boys and one of equal ignominy to the weary teachers. Harry and Dan roomed on the third floor of the dormitory. In each wing of the dormitory lived a member of the faculty, whose duty it was to see that the lights were out and the boys in bed at nine o'clock. Late one afternoon Davy and Dan secured a good-sized pig from the farm, put it in a clothes bag and lugged it up to their room. About half past nine, when the boys were supposed to be asleep, the pig was let out into the long hall. Plenty of eager boys, with their negative assistance, were on hand at once, and the game, Boys versus Faculty, began. Early in the struggle two things were evident: one, that you can't coax a pig, and the other, that the Faculty team was not in good form. To hurry up on a pig is fatal. Everything worked to the satisfaction of the boys; the Faculty was well represented and the pig was well chosen: he was noisy and slippery. Finally, after all the theories of how to catch a pig had been tried out, and all the skill and patience of the pursuers were spent, the pig was cornered. The score stood: Faculty, exhausted; Boys, fresher than at the start. The affair created a sensation in the school. The faculty members were justly indignant, and all the boys were correspondingly delighted. This achievement raised Davy more in the eyes of his fellow stu-

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dents than all the high marks that he could get for a whole term."

Troy was a long way from Williamstown fifty years ago, and the trip home was expensive. When the short spring vacation came, Harry usually visited some boy who lived near Greylock. Rufus and Harry Peckham, sons of Justice Rufus Peckham, of the United States Supreme Court, were two friends who lived in Albany. One Easter they invited Harry to go home with them. As they were starting back to school, one of the Peckham boys was standing in line at the window of the Albany ticket office. His suitcase was on the floor beside him. Harry, always ready for fun, slipped in and took it. He had not gone far when he was stopped by a heavy hand on his shoulder. He turned to find that he was arrested. The officer saw him take the bag. Peckham insisted that he had never seen Harry before. The joke had miscarried. Harry had thrown a boomerang. But finally, when the officer's hand was lifted, Harry enjoyed the experience as much as anyone else. He liked a practical joke, whether perpetrated on or by himself.

It was a proud grandmother who went, three years later, to his graduation; for Harry had taken the four years' course in three, and was valedictorian of his class. His interest in foreign problems began then, so to speak, the subject of his essay being "Gladstone and the Irish Question."

A Family of Bankers

Banking had been the sole interest of the Pomeroys for two generations, so, in spite of his previous training as teacher, or as clerk at Dobbins', Harry's career was unquestionably to be that of a banker. As a special preparation he, accompanied by his friend Charlie Sabin, spent several weeks in the winter of 1886 taking special courses at the Williams & Rogers Business College, at Rochester, New York. Having completed this work, he returned to Greylock, and by hard work made up in his studies there the time spent at Rochester. And then (1887), back to Troy in earnest, and into the bank.

His entrance was scarcely noticed; they just added a third high stool to the two already there. The personnel was restricted to the minimum: two clerks occupied the front room and two Pomeroy brothers, Samuel and Horace, were in an adjoining back room. One of the clerks wrote all day in a big leather-bound book, and the other wrote in a second, equally heavy, book when he was not paying or counting money. Nothing had changed since the bank began; a dollar bill given out Monday was sure to be back before Saturday. Even the air was the same: a mixture of the smell of old leather, money and coal gas. On the wall hung the portrait of Harry's grandfather, in a heavy, square gilt frame, covered with tarlatan, his gold-headed cane suspended under it. A loud-ticking clock hung opposite the portrait, and some ivy and geraniums struggled for life in one of the two big front windows. It was a humdrum existence never inconvenienced or tormented by the spirit of innovation. The senior clerk lived in a room over the bank, his hours ticked off evenly with the clock, and with no more variation. He walked slowly across the road to the hotel for breakfast, then back to the bank; he closed the bank at twelve to walk again across the road for his dinner; he reopened the bank at one and closed it at six. After supper he sat in a chair (there was a row of them) in front of the hotel for an hour. Then he walked slowly up Main Street to the end of the sidewalk and back to his room for the night. He rarely spoke. Harry found this beaten path all ready for him, not a stone to remove! He was given a room over the bank; he climbed on his high stool, and all looked promising.

His only form of holiday was to work in the hayfield, which belonged to one uncle, or to umpire at a baseball game, a sport much enjoyed by another uncle. The disquieting feature no one had foreseen was that Harry had ideas: they began to stir the surface at once. At the end of one summer, rich in suggestions never followed, Harry, determined to forge ahead, went to Cambridge to apply for a Harvard scholarship which was offered to a member of the Merrick family. Merrick being his grandmother's maiden name, he hoped to qualify, but the relationship was too distant: he was not eligible.

Harry's return to Troy was a sad one. His failure to enter Harvard had been a blow, and the situation was not made easier by one of his uncles, who had frowned upon his departure for college, considering it nothing but an evidence of instability. At the end of a plain talk in which his uncle told him that he was a restless element, that so changeable a character as his could never hope to succeed, and that, in fact, there was no place for those qualities in the bank, Harry found that he was in trouble: he was out of a job. The past was closed; what was to be the future? He had to find the road. Fortunately, his trip to Boston had not been a fruitless one; he had stopped in Bridgeport to see some school friends, who had given him a warm welcome and expressed a genuine interest in his welfare. He went back to them.

So the last page of Harry's boyhood was finished. He left Troy, but he took with him an indelible impression of his happiness there. Harry loved Troy. He was proud of his native place. He always thought that a boy had missed something out of his life if he had not known the flavor of a simple beginning. He never forgot a detail or a name: they were playthings in his memory. The "Tin Bridge" or "Huntley's Swimming Hole" evoked untold histories of hooky and adventure. When someone suggested recently that a certain boy was not to be trusted, as he had deceived his parents and gone swimming in March, when he was sure to take cold, Harry said: "Don't let that trouble you; at his age, my shirt was never dry."

Always a Loyal Son of Troy

Harry always thought of Troy as "home," and all his life he went there on frequent visits, short though they often might be. Everybody would know that Harry Davison was coming on the morning train, and they were all waiting expectantly for that smile of his and that shake of the hand. He kept in close touch with, and was keenly interested in, all the local problems, and gave his counsel generously. Needless to add, he gave more than his counsel. Harry loved Troy; Troy loved Harry and would tell you what it meant to have on its birth-roll the name of Henry Pomeroy Davison.

To become the man that Troy is proud of today, Harry had first to leave Troy. Uncle Samuel was right: Harry was restless, he had outgrown his surroundings, his genius had begun to stir, he was on the ladder, and he never hesitated to climb a rung higher when the way was clear. Bridgeport was his first step.

When Harry left home his carry-all was light, his worldly possessions took small space and he had no sustaining letters of introduction. But he had a great asset: his incomparable gift for friendship. Friends were, from the beginning to the end, the greatest factor, perhaps, in Harry's life: he could not

(Continued on page 42)

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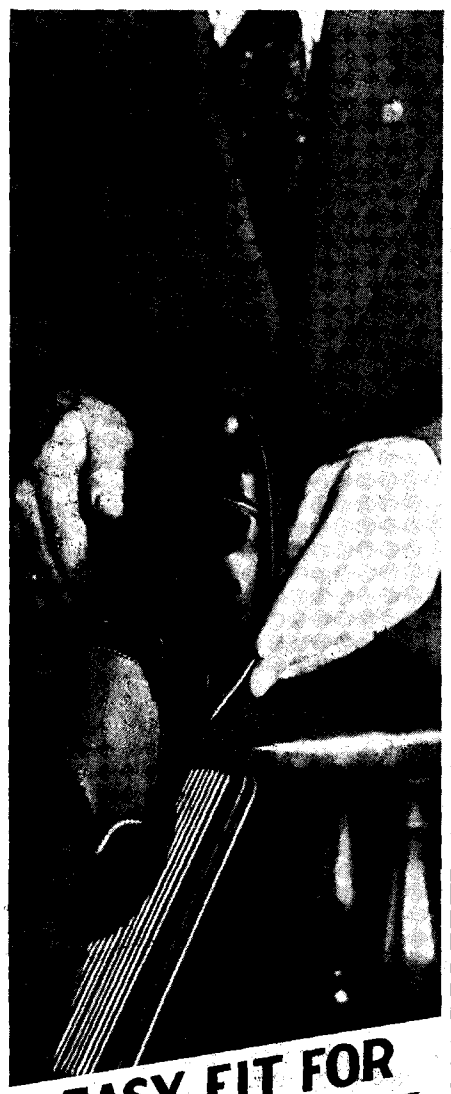

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(Continued from page 41)

work without them, he could not play without them. Nothing gave him more joy and satisfaction than to have the chance to help a friend, and his life was always rich with such services, big and little. So it was signally fitting that the door of his career was opened by a friend—a gesture which was to become Harry's most characteristic one. It was through Nat Bishop, his classmate and close companion at Greylock, that Harry at the age of twenty-one became, on June 5, 1888, bookkeeper in the Pequonnock National Bank at Bridgeport at a salary of $800 a year. His three uncles in Troy signed his surety bond for $5,000.

His experience in Troy was an excellent training school. He applied himself to his task with the avidity of youth. The world was before him, and he was beginning to dream of conquering it. He said that out of banking hours he studied the work of the man next above him, so that he should be prepared to take his place if it were ever offered to him. Banking fascinated him. He was keen to know all there was to be known about every detail of his immediate position, to exhaust all that it had to give him and then to leave it. He was no patient plodder, content to repeat mechanically the same routine. The present alone did not satisfy him; he needed at the same time to have his hand on the future, and he had few interests outside of his job. He had the habit of early hours, probably contracted in Troy, where he was obliged to be in his bedroom over the bank at ten P. M., even if he had to miss the refreshments at a party, for there he was responsible for the security of the safe, and it was his night duty to watch for burglars through a register in the floor of his dreary little shelter.

Playing Cards with P. T. Barnum

A tendency of Harry's, which became more and more definite through his career, was that he liked to be with older men. Phineas T. Barnum was one of the directors of the bank. As soon as he saw Harry, he took a great fancy to him. It was understood that every Thursday evening at exactly quarter before eight—for Mr. Barnum's entertaining had a mathematical precision about it—Harry was to go to his house to play whist. At eight o'clock Mr. Barnum used to look at his watch and say with the ostentatious pride of the showman:

"The curtain is now going up in New York" (or wherever the circus happened to be).

At ten o'clock he looked again at his watch, which was the sign that lemonade was to be served and that the guests were to depart. These naïve eccentricities amused Harry very much, and he was flattered, after all, to be adopted into the circle of lifelong friends by the little old gentleman who had invented The Greatest Show on Earth.

Another director of the bank who took a special interest in Harry was W. D. Bishop, Nat's father, a distinguished man, president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. He was the first to bring into Harry's life the kind of sport which was to remain his chief form of recreation, his most successful way of throwing off care and dropping responsibility. What Harry always enjoyed most was shooting and fishing, provided that he was pretty sure to see some game and that the fish were biting. It was Mr. Bishop who packed him off for his first trip in the woods, and that in a peremptory manner full of the dry humor typical of the man. One day he came to Harry's desk with a stranger whom he told to look over the books. Harry wondered what was the matter, and he was even more concerned when the newcomer, after a hasty examination, said that he felt competent to go on with the work. Only then came the explanation. Mr. Bishop turned to Harry and said:

"Here is your substitute for two weeks; you, Davison—you are to take the three-o'clock train for Parmachenee to join Nat. . . . A trunk with the necessary clothes is waiting for you at the station."

That was all. It was enough. Harry was enormously pleased. Think of being suddenly plunged into the heart of a great forest, when you have only known the poor little trees of Redington's woods! But a pleasure was never complete for Harry unless he shared it. When he came back from Parmachenee, the first thing he thought of was how his sister would love that trip; and so he sent her over the same ground.

He spent a great deal of thought working out schemes for making somebody happy unawares. Just so, he appreciated a reply that had a tinge of the unlooked-for about it, as, for example, when answering an acquaintance who asked where he was born, he said:

"Bridgeport."

"But I thought you were born in Pennsylvania."

"Oh," replied Harry, "I met my wife in Bridgeport!"

His wife! He could not have summed up in a more expressive way what she meant to him and what an indispensable part she played in his life.

One of the oldest Connecticut families established in Bridgeport was the Trubee family: father, mother and two daughters. They lived on West Avenue in a comfortable house which was a very popular rendezvous for all the young people. Kate, the elder daughter, was the soul of hospitality. Herbert Knapp, the paying teller in the Pequonnock Bank, was a relative of hers, and one day soon after Harry took up his abode with him, the two drove to the Trubee home on an errand. While Herbert was in the house, Harry held the horse in front, at the horseblock, when suddenly Kate appeared on the veranda and said gayly:

"Since you don't come to be introduced to me, I must come to meet you." This simple candor went straight to Harry's heart, and at the end of a year they were engaged.

Not long after this, Harry's sister, Mary, went to pay him a little visit at Herbert Knapp's, where he was staying. The day after she arrived Harry said: "Would you rather go to the circus this evening or to prayer meeting? I have tickets for prayer meeting and, besides, Kittie Trubee will be there."

Kate was exactly the wife Harry needed. His temperament was quick and often impatient; he did not like to wait. Kate was calm and steady, not given to snap judgments. She talked little but thought clearly.

The two were married on April 13, 1893. The date would have been avoided by the superstitious as an unlucky one, but Harry chose it. He was born on the thirteenth, and he claimed that everything of importance to him happened on a thirteenth. Several months before, Harry had already left Bridgeport for New York to become receiving teller in the Astor Place Bank. So the young bride left her familiar surroundings to start with her husband toward the destiny he was to create for himself in the great city.

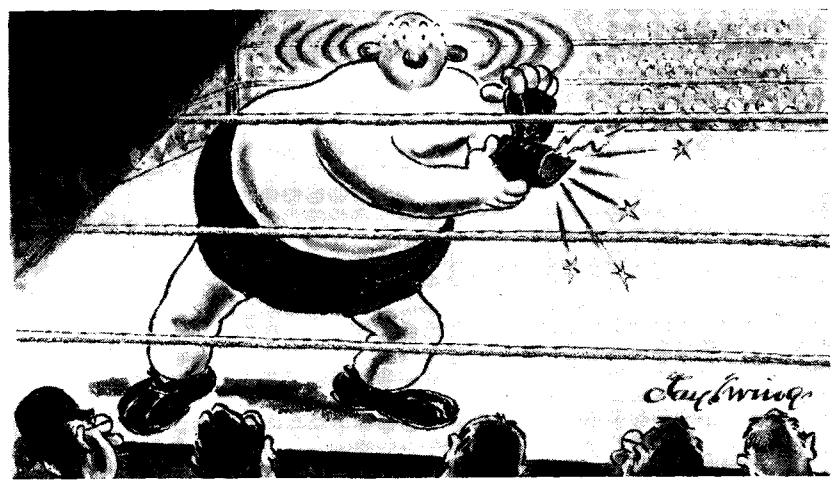
Beginning Life in New York City

They began housekeeping in a sunny little flat on the fourth floor at 444 Central Park West. Harry bought a bicycle and rode down to the bank every morning, keeping as much as possible in the slot of the old Ninth Avenue trolley line. Three of the happiest years of their lives were spent in this first home, years full of promise, full of dreams—and Harry's dreams almost always came true. There, in February, 1896, they had the supreme joy of welcoming Trubee, their first child.

As soon as Trubee was born, George Case, a stanch son of Eli, who soon became Harry's closest friend, appeared with a bottle of champagne under his arm, to drink to the health of the boy and to baptize him irrevocably a Yale man. It had been such a disappointment to Harry not to go to college that he was doubly keen to assure to his boy the advantage he had missed. So he began at once to build a reserve fund for Trubee's education. For this purpose he acted as notary public for the bank, and every night he brought his fees home to Kate in twenty-five-cent pieces. They counted them and put them aside in a cigar box. And what an excitement in the household when, by a stroke of luck, the quarters went to dollars!

It must be said that, in a larger sense, Harry's quarters went regularly into dollars. He never had a serious setback. He seemed to bear the mark of success upon him, and men with whom he was associated often told him that he would be heard from in the banking world. And though one could not have accused him of undue confidence in himself, yet he had the conviction, underneath, that he was "going to be somebody." The night that he came down from Bridgeport to take his position at the Astor Place Bank, when the train pulled into New York and he saw the millions of lights twinkling in all directions, he said, with all the naïveté of youth, to the Bridgeport boy who sat by him: "Robbie, I am going to be a great man in that city some day!"

(To be continued next week)



"Where'd he go?" *Jay Irving*

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Slander

Continued from page 21

"High-hat, eh?" he greeted them. "Won't join us, eh? All the men crazy to have Martha, and the women nuts about the distinguished young explorer. What about it?"

"Nothing about it," growled Cranston, with mock surliness. "We reject, with contumely, contempt, scorn and decision, your invitation."

"You mean you don't want to join my party? If I'm wrong, if I misunderstand, put me right," begged Towler, grinning.

"You understand," said Cranston.

"Ah-ha, romance in the bud, eh?" said Towler.

"In full flower," said Cranston.

"In that case," said Towler, "I shall take pleasure in returning to my party and spreading the rumor that—how do the columnists put it?—Herbie Cranston and Martha Blaisdell are on the stove, are that way, are uh-huh."

"Vastly descriptive," said Cranston. "On your way, man."

Towler bowed low. With a merry wink at Martha he walked back to his table.

"There! I've definitely linked our names together," said Cranston. "Shall we dance again?"

THE singer had retired and eagerly Martha rose to her feet. And as she did so she collided with a man approaching the table.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she exclaimed. Then, as she recognized the man, she colored painfully. "Oh, good evening, Gerry," she said.

Gerrish glared at her. It was obvious, even to the most casual observer, that he had been drinking.

"Didn't expect to run into you here, Martha," he said. "Didn't expect luck like this. Rang you up half an hour ago and you were gone out. Wanted to talk to you."

She cast a quick, appealing glance at Cranston.

"We'll talk some other time, Gerry," she said.

Gerrish's laugh was cunning.

"Not going to be so easy to get you to talk with, Martha," he said. "You're pretty sore with me. Like to talk right now. Want to—to—dishabush—disabuse your mind. Never told anyone I was keeping you." He turned to Cranston. "Don't know you. Never saw you in my life. But you're with Martha, so I guess you're all right. She wouldn't go out with anyone not all right. Doesn't think I'm all right. Says I told people I was keeping her. Gentlemen wouldn't say thing like that, and I'm gentleman."

At the next table people exchanged grins. Gerrish's voice was raised.

"Of course you are," said Cranston. "And that's why you'll run along and not annoy Miss Blaisdell, eh?"

He linked an arm through that of Gerrish. Before the latter could protest he was being whisked from the restaurant. Martha, her face crimson, sat stonily at the table awaiting Cranston's return.

She died, was reborn and died again. As though she were disembodied, she seemed to be viewing the restaurant and its guests from some vast height which nevertheless did not prevent her from seeing and hearing clearly. She saw the people at the next table lean toward one another. She heard the sibilant whispers. She saw the grins, the meaning glances.

Cranston came back to the table. He sat down beside her and smiled easily.

"Got rid of him," he said.

"Thank you," she said colorlessly.

"Oh, look here," he said quickly, "you mustn't take seriously anything that a drunken man says."

She tried to smile.

"I suppose not. But—it wasn't pleasant. He—he was my business man—"

Cranston lifted a quick hand.

"Please! I'm not even faintly interested in the man, what he was, who he was. I have even forgotten what he said. Will you dance?" he asked.

For a moment the thought of getting out upon that floor again was too dreadful. Then courage came back to her; courage and a sense of proportion. After all, Gerald Gerrish was nobody and she was Martha Blaisdell. Not that a Martha Blaisdell was immune to gossip; gossip and scandal touched the most highly placed.

But how could *gossip* hurt her? It wasn't true, and only the truth has real power, she assured herself. Was she to be defeated by the mutterings of a thing like Gerrish? It was too absurd.

Nevertheless, after two dances, she pleaded fatigue to Cranston.

"I hate to drag you off, when you're having a good time. At least, I hope you are," she added, smiling.

"Never had a better," he said.

"I can easily go home alone, and you might join the Towlers' party," she suggested.

"When you leave this place, the evening is ended," he said. "Of course I'll take you home. Don't be absurd."

"I'll not," she said meekly.

And then, at his quick look of suspicion at her humility, they both laughed, and the evening, what remained of it, was restored to its early level of gayety. He took her home, and they chatted of inconsequentials all the way.

"Going to Bar Harbor tomorrow," he said. "Duty. Sister and her kids. Not that it isn't fun seeing them, but—I'd rather be seeing you. I'll be back Friday. Do you know where you're weekending?"

"I'm going back to Trudie's," she said.

"COULDN'T be sweller," he said. "Trudie has given me a blank check on her house for the rest of the summer, and whether she means it or not I'm going to draw upon her hospitality. I'll phone her in the morning. Have to, anyway. Asked me to the theater Thursday night. Told her I had something half-on for the middle of the week. Was going down to Southampton, but I found a message from my sister tonight, giving me the dickens for having postponed my trip so long—are you deeply interested, my dear Miss Blaisdell, in these domestic details?"

"Fascinated," she said.

"I'm relieved," he said. "So then I'll see you the end of the week. That is," he went on quickly, "if you don't mind my making plans to be where you are?"

She hid a smile at the quick alarm in his voice.

"I don't think I mind very much," she said.

And with that they parted. And once in her room Martha gave way to tears of rage. But she conquered them quickly. This was the second time today she had wept. She would not do it again. And if Gerrish was offensive a second time—but she refused to contemplate this. She brought common sense to bear upon the situation. A *worm* can't harm one. Save in public places, Gerrish would never encounter her again;

(Continued on page 44)

When fighting colds make $1 equal $3

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c, or $1 size, you still get 3 times as much for your money.

THIS is no time to waste money! It's no time to neglect health! You do neither when you fight colds with Pepsodent Antiseptic. After all, it's just plain, simple arithmetic that has caused millions to switch to Pepsodent.

$1 does the work of $3

Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics . . . hence it goes three times as far—gives you three times as much for your money and gives you extra protection against colds and throat irritations. For protection against germs associated with common ills, remember there are really only two leading kinds of mouth antiseptics on the market. In one group is the mouth antiseptic that must be used full strength to be effective.

In the other group is Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe even if used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and *still kill germs in less than* 10 *seconds.*

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After Shaving	

Pepsodent Antiseptic

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"Please don't drink these Cocktails

THEY'RE SISSIES!"

Unfortunately we've never heard a host speak so helpfully about the drinks he served. But what a jolly indigestion-less world it would be if you got fair warning *before* you drank the sickish fruit concoctions some misguided people call cocktails. Actually they're not cocktails at all because the cocktail was invented to *stimulate* the appetite and sweet drinks *deaden* it. Only a tart drink fulfills a cocktail's real destiny. Tony Weir, *chef de bar* at the old Knickerbocker, says, "It's *vermouth* cocktails people should be drinking."

There's a law in Italy (and a custom in America) that says it isn't a Martini unless it's made from Martini Vermouth.

Buy yourself two bottles of Martini — one Regular and one Dry — and discover for yourself that the best cocktail in the world is the easiest to make.

Make Perfect Cocktails! The Automatic Bartender. Fool-Proof Cocktail Mixer. Makes 6 most famous: Martini, Manhattan, Bronx, Dacquiri, etc., *to Tony Weir's own recipes.* Directions printed on side. You *can't* make a mistake if you can see to pour. In stores, would cost $3.50 to $4.00. Special price by mail, $1.50. Use coupon!

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Here is 10c. Please send me Tony Weir's new Cocktail Wheel of 18 recipes. ☐ Here is $1.50 ($1.75 west of Miss.) for which please send me the Automatic Bartender, complete with Swizzle stick. ☐ Write name and address in margin.

(Continued from page 43)

and in public places there would always be a Cranston to protect her.

Cranston found peace of mind as difficult to achieve as did Martha. The man Gerrish was a drunken lout, whose nastiness should linger in no one's memory.

Hang it, Martha Blaisdell was a *nice* girl. In addition to enormous charm and great beauty and a pretty enough wit, she was *nice*. And only a rotter would permit to linger in his memory un-nice suspicions about Martha Blaisdell. And he hoped he wasn't a rotter. Therefore he would forget the whole business.

But thoughts are not as easily dismissed as that. Condemn himself as he would, the mean thoughts persisted. They were vaguely in the back of his mind when he dropped in, the next day, at the Lake Club for luncheon.

BRINK TOWLER, consuming an illegal cocktail, hailed him.

"Lunching? Good. With me, eh?"

"Fine," said Cranston. He refused a proffered cocktail. "Too early in the day for me, Brink," he said.

They took a table by a window. Outside the asphalt was soft in the torrid August sun.

"Gosh, how I'd like a swim," sighed Towler. "Can't understand why you stay in town these days, Herbie. Unless you're getting up an expedition or something."

"Not a thing in the world. I'm entitled to a few months' vacation, and I'm taking them. As a matter of fact, though, I don't know why I hang around New York. I guess it's because I want to see people, lots of them. Then, too, I run off every week-end—going down to Bar Harbor this afternoon."

"Sister Letty? Kiss her for me," said Brink. "Grand girl. Gosh, how close I was to being your brother-in-law."

"So? Never heard that one," said Cranston, grinning. "Letty never told me."

"Letty never knew," chuckled Brink. "Had the darnedest crush on her, and too scared to tell her, and she ups and marries Sim Torrance and there we are."

"And you call that being close to being my brother-in-law? I'm going to tell Mrs. Brink on you," threatened Cranston.

Towler's good-humored countenance wrinkled in mirth.

"Mrs. Brink knows. But don't tell Letty. She'd razz me to death, the little devil."

Cranston smiled. Letty *was* a little devil, but the most charming one he knew.

"I'll keep your dark secret," he said.

"Thanks," said Towler. "Say, did you slug that rat Gerrish last night or just shove him out?"

"The doormen took care of him, I guess," said Cranston shortly.

"I wish you'd belted him one for the general good of the community," said Towler. "Filthy beggar. Getting a girl like Martha Blaisdell talked about."

"Is she?" asked Cranston evenly.

"Oh, come, now, don't be Galahad," said Brink. "You've been around in your day, you know. You know when the boys and girls are chatting and when they aren't. You aren't *that* dumb, Herbie. Why, that one's been all over town for weeks. What did he say last night, anyway?"

Cranston paled slightly.

"He was drunk. He said to me that Miss Blaisdell accused him of telling people that—that he kept her. And I rushed him out. Do you really mean to tell me that this man Gerrish has actually told that sort of tale about Miss Blaisdell?"

"Well, from what you say, Martha seemed to think he has," replied Towler.

"Has he?" demanded Cranston.

Towler shrugged.

"He hasn't told me. I'd belt him over if he did. It isn't what a man *says*, Herbie. You know that. It's what he insinuates, what he looks, what he grins. He's handled Martha's affairs since her folks died. I guess she liked him in a way; didn't mind him, anyway. An extra beau is always useful. So she sort of dragged Gerrish into various places. People didn't mind. He wasn't openly objectionable, and if Martha could use him—well, Martha does what she likes, you know. After all, she's Martha Blaisdell and we all bow down to her. A swell girl.

"Well, a lot of people got the impression that—I don't know how Gerrish put it over, but he did. You know, something crystallizes all of a sudden. One day a thing isn't really definitely in people's minds, and the next day they're talking of nothing else.

"Now, a lot of people happen to know how much money Martha's parents left her. They know that the securities in which it was left have dwindled to almost nothing. Yet she lives at the same rate, and—"

"Do you—for God's sake, Brink, you aren't telling me that you believe—"

"Certainly not," said Towler quickly. "But I know people that do believe it. Even as swell a girl as Martha Blaisdell can leave herself open to false interpretation. And when you add to that the hints of a swine like Gerrish—well, you can add it up, can't you?"

"He ought to be shot," said Cranston softly.

"He isn't worth the chair," said Towler.

"I suppose not," sighed Cranston.

Nevertheless, after luncheon he looked at the telephone book. Ten minutes later he was in the outer room of Gerald Gerrish's brokerage offices on Forty-second Street. He gave his name to a boy and in a moment was admitted to Gerrish's presence.

THE broker, seated behind a flat-topped desk, greeted him cordially.

"Meant to call you up, Cranston," he said. "I've already telephoned Martha. Made a terrific ass of myself last night and wanted to apologize."

"You made more than that of yourself," said Cranston evenly. "A man isn't an ass when he insinuates evil about a woman. He's a scoundrel."

"But I didn't quite do that, Cranston," said Gerrish evenly. "Martha got an idea in her head that was most unjust to me."

"I doubt if she, or anyone, could do you an injustice," said Cranston coolly.

Gerrish flushed, but ignored the interruption.

"I assured her last night that she was wrong. But she refused to believe me. I—well, I am devoted to Martha. I am not merely her business man, not merely the man who handled her parents' affairs during the last years of their lives, but I am her friend. And I brooded over what she had said to me. And I drank. And when, dropping in at the Ministery to take my mind off my unhappiness that Martha could so misjudge me, I saw her, I—well, I went right up to her and told her—"

"I was there; you haven't forgotten, have you?" asked Cranston. "I was the man who got up from his chair and took you by the arm and steered you out. I'm the man that whispered to you, very quietly, that if you said another word I'd wring your blackguard neck then and there. You seemed sober enough to understand, Gerrish. Surely you haven't forgotten."

He smiled blandly at the broker and his eyes were frosty.

"And I dropped in just to remind you, Gerrish, that when I said I'd wring your neck—*blackguard* neck was my exact phrase—if you said another word then, I also meant that I'll wring your neck—blackguard neck—if at any time in the future you say one word in any way derogatory to Miss Blaisdell. Do I make myself exceedingly clear? I wouldn't want you, for your own sake, to misunderstand me. I say wring your neck and I *mean* wring your neck. And that's all I have to say to you, Gerrish."

OUTSIDE, he took a taxi to his house on Murray Hill. Fashion had deserted that district for several years and then, in the habit fashion has, it had almost furtively returned. The old Cranston house, on Thirty-ninth Street a few doors from Fourth Avenue, was dwarfed by the towering office buildings in the neighborhood.

Cranston's sister Letty had cabled him, in the height of the boom days, an extraordinary offer for the place. "You'll never get a better," she had told him.

"I hope I don't," he had replied, "because I might be tempted to sell and I never intend to."

It was altogether too big for a bachelor; but it would be a bully home for a man and wife; the old nursery upstairs could easily resound again to the cries of romping children. What gorgeous times he and Letty had had there in the days gone by.

Then he felt himself crimsoning. Good Lord, what sort of silly daydreams were these! About a girl, too, concerning whom unpleasant rumors were abroad. Of course, they weren't true. . . . But Brink Towler, who was fond of Martha—Brink Towler thought they were true. Oh, he denied it, but—his denials did not ring true.

Cranston's shoulders were slumped as he heavily climbed the stairs to his bedroom.

(To be continued next week)

"If this is mutiny, count me out!" *Lawrence La Riar*

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Falling Star

Continued from page 12

shown in the Intercollegiate championships. He reached the finals in spite of himself, and was named as a member of the American Olympic relay team.

The Olympic Games at Los Angeles completely changed Bob's sport attitude, and on several occasions I noticed with a great deal of interest that Bob Kiesel was entering more and more into the true spirit of amateur sports. One was likely to find him any morning in any cottage in the village. Kiesel was friendly with the Finns and the Germans, the Japanese and the Australians, the French and the English, and through that association he was gradually coming to understand their spirit of sportsmanship.

The New Method of Running

By the time the Olympic sprint relay was held, Bob was the most zealous member of our team. He ran the first lap in the final 400-meter race like a whirlwind. The time of the four Yankees—Kiesel, Toppino, Dyer and Wykoff—was 40 seconds flat, a new Olympic and world's record, and Bullet Bob's own unofficial figures were 10⅕ seconds, or approximately three feet faster than the recognized record. He ran from a standing start around a turn at so terrific a pace that he pulled a tendon in the last ten meters, but refused to quit and stumbled through the final few yards on momentum alone to pass the baton to Emmett Toppino.

Brutus Hamilton, Bob's coach, recently informed the writer that Kiesel's new attitude, born in the Olympic Games, has blossomed considerably since that time and that his leg has recovered to a point where it should offer no hindrance to his future success. That is not sufficient, however, to satisfy Hamilton's ambition for Bullet Bob. He sees in him the realization of the perfect sprinter, and a new method of running, which he observed in the 1924 Olympic Games, is now being used in the further development of the powerful Californian.

Harold Abrahams of Great Britain was the first man to employ it. Abrahams had developed a style which was undoubtedly the most awkward ever employed by a first-class runner. He leaned so far forward on each stride that his nose seemed to be in immediate danger of scraping the track, but he always managed to save himself from falling by a quick knee-lift which momentarily preserved his balance, but did not place his body at a sufficiently erect angle to get him out of trouble. On the next step he was in the same atrocious position again. And this continued clear to the tape.

The Britisher appeared to be jerking himself to pieces, but actually he was taking complete advantage of each partial fall and thereby increasing his momentum on every stride.

Brutus Hamilton and I discussed Abrahams' peculiar running form after the Paris Olympic Games. I was of the opinion that it was a freak style, only good for the Englishman. Hamilton, however, maintained that the same theory could be applied to other sprinters and to competitors in middle-distance and distance running as well. Just how this was to be accomplished, he did not know at the time. And for many years no one understood the real secret of Abrahams' method.

It was left for a Pottstown high school boy, Gene Venzke, now a freshman at the University of Pennsylvania, to stumble upon the answer. Venzke is a tall, powerfully built twenty-four-year-old athlete who was forced to remain out of school for several years, and was long handicapped by an inferiority complex as to his own ability. He became the sensation of the 1932 indoor track campaign, and was clocked in the fastest figures ever recorded by an American miler (4 minutes 10 seconds).

The fact that Venzke was beaten twice this year does not mean that he is slowing up. Sturdy Glenn Cunningham of Kansas University, a former Hamilton pupil, who turned the trick in the Millrose games and the Knights of Columbus games at Madison Square Garden, is himself a great runner. Gene Venzke did not set a fast enough pace in the first part of the Millrose games race to offset the brilliant closing sprint of the powerful Kansas athlete.

Cunningham's contribution to track, however, does not rank with that of his rival. Like Paavo Nurmi, Joie Ray, Johnny Overton, Abe Kiviat, Edwin Wide, W. G. George, Norman Taber and John Paul Jones, Glenn Cunningham is a natural runner. Venzke is not. His legs are too big and his lack of speed too pronounced for success under the accepted conditions.

Venzke's form offers something new. Coach Mike Sweeney of Hill School was the first to realize it. Gene himself did not know what he was doing when he developed a peculiar kind of "foot-spring," so simple to master that it is a mystery why distance runners did not discover it long ago. All American track men, until Venzke's arrival in 1932, ran unnaturally. It was considered good form in striding to send the foot as far forward as possible without "stretching" on each knee-lift. Naturally, when the foot hit the track, being well ahead of the body, it tended to check rather than to increase speed. Venzke, after lifting his knee, allowed his foot to swing forward in an "unforced stride," and then he brought it back to a point where it would ordinarily fall, as in walking. The result was that the foot did not touch the ground until the body was ahead of it, aiding momentum.

Foot-Springing into Fame

Venzke falls as he runs. His "foot-spring" makes this possible, and if you watch his action closely you will soon discover that his stride resembles that of a man who has stumbled and never quite caught himself, continuing his "fall" indefinitely. It is a form well-suited to indoor tracks where there is a hard, springy surface.

Smart students of track, and good coaches, have been quick to grasp the secret of Venzke's form, and it remains only for them to find alert pupils with natural ability in order to establish new records. That takes time.

Dink Templeton taught Eastman foot-spring and it carried Big Ben to world records in middle-distance running, while Lawson Robertson, for many years head coach of the American Olympic team and track and field instructor of Pennsylvania University, employed the same method in making Bill Carr into the greatest quarter-miler of all time.

Brutus Hamilton, having studied the style of both Abrahams and Venzke, is convinced that it is practical for sprinters, and plans to use it on Kiesel this season. In order to build him up to a point where his legs will be able to withstand the terrific pounding to which

(Continued on page 46)

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C. 4-33

(Continued from page 45)

this style subjects a sprinter, Hamilton switched Bob to the quarter-mile at the start of the present season.

For those who do not understand the metric system adopted by the Amateur Athletic Union at its annual convention last November, the new sprint distances replace the former standard events of the 100 and 220 yards. Why this country should have gone "European" in this matter, and introduced a system of which the coaches, athletes and club and college officials violently disapprove, is another story, but whatever method is used this season by our college associations, certain athletes and institutions should be outstanding.

All Set for 1933

Besides Bob Kiesel of California, Ralph Metcalfe of Marquette should be a whirlwind in the sprints. Bill Carr, great champion that he is, will find a formidable rival in the 400 meters this year in Edgar Ablowich, a new Southern California University meteor who streaked through the closing weeks of the 1932 season. Ben Eastman, though again eligible to face Carr, is now being trained for the 1,500 meters as well as the shorter distances and he has been clocked in exceptional time. Joe Mangan of Cornell, Frank Crowley of Manhattan and Frank Nordell of New York University are other splendid milers who are expected to star in the shorter 1,500-meter distance.

Joe McCluskey, sensational steeplechase champion of Fordham University, still leads the pack in long-distance running. Gus Meier, a great Stanford sophomore hurdler, is as brilliant a newcomer as collegiate track knows, while "Nellie" Gray, John Lyman and Henri Labord, all of Stanford, are the finest shot and discus prospects in college ranks. Pete Zaremba is back for New York University in the hammer throw, while Bob Van Osdel and Duncan MacNaughton, Intercollegiate and Olympic champions respectively in the high jump, will again represent Southern California. Stanford and Southern California also have the two best pole vaulters in the world still in school: Bill Graber, the new record-holder (14 feet 4⅜ inches), and Bill Miller, the Olympic champion.

Unfortunately, college financial conditions in the Far West may prevent both Stanford and California from being fully represented (if at all) in the Eastern Intercollegiates or the I. C. A. A. A. A. meet this season.

The Trojans of Southern California, the defending champions, expect to be present with another great team. Coach Dean Cromwell has so many stars and probable point winners on his squad that he should win the trophy again. Chief opposition should come from Yale, Pennsylvania, Cornell and New York University.

Team points scored by hard-working, gallant collegians will again bring glory to many schools, but the "color" of the season should be supplied by that powerful young sprinter who at last has found an incentive for running—Kiesel of California.

Cold Trails

Continued from page 16

"That," said Marian, "is the most fantastic thing I ever heard!"

"Not so crazy when you think how much goes on that them critters know, but we never hear of. Funny thing is that it's so few times a man learns something by them—unless it's something about the weather or some such simple thing."

That was a long day, and a strange day—the strangest in Marian Dunn's life. Their work carried them a great distance, much of which was wasted in quartering, and the long following of false trails. Repeatedly Old Man Coffee pulled the dogs off invisible trails which he declared were those of coyotes. It was afternoon before a new note came into the howling of the hounds, signaling the trail of the loafer wolf.

"This loafer trail," said Old Man Coffee, "is three days old. I don't reckon it'll serve."

It did not serve, though Coffee let it lead them seven miles in no particular direction before he pulled off the dogs. After that they picked up other trails, presumably of the same loafer, though perhaps of another—trails that were lost again or discarded. Twice Old Man Coffee urged the girl to turn back, but she would not. Marian's face was white with the fatigue a jog-trotting horse can impose on unaccustomed muscles by the time the day drew to a close.

The sun had gone down behind the Tuscaroras, and the long, gray dusk was on the range as they came on to the broken wilderness of upthrust red rock that was known as the Red Sleep. The dogs were voicing uncertainly here, obviously running no trail, though Old Man Coffee seemed to know where he was going. And now old Rock made a curious play. The old dog had been in a sulk all day long, unwilling to quarter the trail of the loafer wolf; but now he sent up a long, full-throated cry and drifted swiftly, nose down, a hundred yards along the red rock.

Old Man Coffee said under his breath, "I'll be eternally damned!" Abruptly the old dog turned to look at Old Man Coffee, let his tail drop again, and quit the trail.

"What's the matter?"

"Everything," Coffee said. "I never done so much false figuring in my life!" He pushed ahead quickly now, shouting to his hounds, jerking new life into them with guttural Indian words that the others did not understand.

NOW suddenly the big, spotted hound that had usurped old Rock's place as leader sprang ahead, bawling; and in another moment the rest of the hounds were with him, running full cry, outdistancing the horses.

"The wolf again," said Coffee, a new, keen edge on his voice. "Children, we're near the end of the trail!"

Yet because the trail of the wolf was indirect and circling, they spent another hour in following the dogs. The ponies were scrambling over broken rock now, keeping up as best they could. The dusk was very deep when Old Man Coffee pulled up at last and sat waiting.

They did not see what had stopped him at first; but after a few moments they saw that the hounds had made a circle and were coming back. Coffee got down off his mule, called in his dogs, and tied up each of them, separately, to rock or scrub oak. But he had to crack the long dog whip over them more than once before they would lie down, sulking and moaning in their throats. Old Rock, the only one untied, lay down under the feet of the mule, raised his nose to heaven, and let out a long, deep-chested wail.

Coffee tightened his saddle. "Marian," he said, "this is as far as you go."

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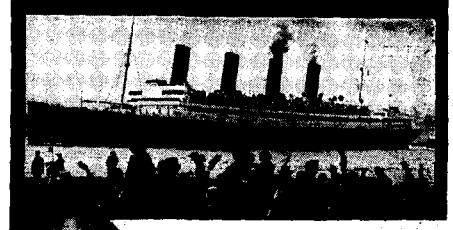

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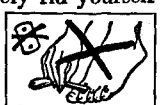

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The girl's face was white in the dusk and her eyes were wide and dark. Until Wheeler saw that, he had not realized that here in the high heart of the Red Sleep they found themselves in a gaunt and lonely country. He knew that Marian could never before have seen anything like the dark, terrible desolation of this place. For a moment, as he looked at Marian, he thought that she swayed faintly.

"Wouldn't you like to get down and rest?"

"I'd rather sit here."

Old Man Coffee studied her for a moment. "You stay with her, Billy. I don't know how long this will take."

He said something unintelligible to the dogs, and moved away from them, the dainty feet of his mule picking a way, and old Rock slinking close behind. Within the hundred yards he had disappeared. Except for the occasional eerie moaning of a hound, the silence of death was on the Red Sleep.

They sat there for what seemed like an endless time. Billy Wheeler tried to talk to break that sad, terrible stillness, but this place smothered the words in his throat. When he managed to speak his voice sounded hushed and strange, and the girl made no reply. They sat and waited a long, an interminable time.

The first stars were showing when Old Man Coffee came back to them at last, his black mule moving like a lean, tall shadow among shadows. He came close to them, then for a moment sat silent, looking back over his shoulder the way he had come; and Wheeler knew that he was futilely seeking words for what he had to say.

Long before the old man spoke they knew he had found what he had sought.

"It's Bob Flagg," Old Man Coffee said.

HORSE DUNN accepted the news that Flagg was dead more quietly, more steadily, than Wheeler had expected. He stood grim and silent; his eyes were lost somewhere in the dark distance, and deep within them a smoky fire burned. But when he spoke it was quietly.

"How was he killed?" Dunn asked at last.

"By a shotgun; the same as Cayuse Cayetano."

"Where's Coffee?"

Coffee, Wheeler had found, could not be persuaded to return with them to the 94. It was Coffee's belief that Dunn had made a serious mistake when he had chosen to hold Magoon's saddle instead of turning it in to the sheriff. Coffee did not propose to be mixed up in a similar mistake regarding the long-sought *corpus delicti*. He therefore turned the head of his mule toward Inspiration, determined to report his discovery to Sheriff Walt Amos at once.

When Wheeler had explained this to Horse, the cow boss was silent again. Undoubtedly the old fighter was searching in his mind for some way in which guns and battle could be brought to bear against the forces which were closing in upon him and upon the brand he had built. But as yet there was no play for the only type of weapon the old fighter truly understood.

"The sheriff will be out here in the morning, sure," Wheeler said. "I think Walt Amos means to be fair. But there's better than a hundred men in Inspiration, all out of outfits that hate the 94. Amos is sitting on a stove, and it's getting hotter every minute."

"Let him come."

"Any more dope on the Cayetano killing?"

"I sent Gil Baker to Ace Springs. But he hasn't come back."

"Val Douglas went to Pahranagat, did he?"

"He left this morning. I suppose it'll be late tomorrow night before he gets back—maybe longer. Steve and Tulare and me, we spent the day prospecting around in the Tuscarora foothills, here."

"And didn't find anything," Wheeler supposed.

"Billy," said Horse Dunn, "there's somebody been slinking around over there. We found the ashes of two different fires. And I'm not a damn' bit sure there isn't somebody prowling around there yet."

"Now who the devil would that be?"

"That's just it—we don't know who that would be. I guess—it doesn't matter, now."

"I'm trying to think," Billy Wheeler said, "why somebody would be hanging around in the Tuscarora foothills, keeping himself under cover; and I can't think of any reason."

"There's bloody hands in Link Bender's crowd," Dunn said, his voice flat and heavy with bitterness. "Just as sure as powder and lead spell death. God in heaven! If I could only have ten days to work this thing out, I bet I'd lay hands on that killer!"

BUT they did not have ten days—or even one. It was hard for Billy Wheeler to believe that he had been at the 94 only four days—that Bob Flagg had been dead less than a week. The thing had swept over them like a rock slide, all at once. The bitter enmity against Horse Dunn and his brand had done that.

They had expected Sheriff Walt Amos to appear in the course of the night, or at least no later than the first light; but it was noon before Amos appeared.

Amos, though definitely not a coward, was a cautious man. Though he had chosen deputies who were bitter enemies of Horse Dunn, he recognized and feared the spark-and-powder possibilities whenever these men were brought face to face with the turbulent old warrior of the 94. So Walt Amos again came alone, as he had come after Billy Wheeler.

At the 94 he found only Horse Dunn and Billy Wheeler, for Steve Hurley and Tulare Callahan were in the Tuscaroras in search of the unknown prowler, now believed to be hiding there; Val Douglas and Gil Baker had not yet returned; and Marian was out with her pony. Walt Amos climbed out of his car and walked slowly to the gallery of the cook shack, where the 94 people happened to be. They awaited him in silence.

"Horse," said Walt Amos, "the time has come when I can't put off acting no more."

"What have you done with Gil Baker?" Horse Dunn demanded.

"He's in Inspiration. We had to take him in."

"Is he hurt?"

"Not bad. He come prowling around Ace Springs, where Cayetano was killed, and one of the deputies hollered to him to halt, but he made a run for it. They had to throw down on him before he'd give himself up. Turned out he was shot in the leg."

"You're getting almighty high-handed around here, Amos!"

"Sorry. But I reckon it's going to seem still a little more so. Dunn, I got to take you in."

"On what charge?"

"Held for questioning; concerning murder."

Horse Dunn stood up, his thumbs hooked in his belt, and his eyes rolled slowly over the foothills of the Tuscaroras; it seemed to Wheeler that he was looking for a sign.

"I know what you're thinking, Dunn,"

(Continued on page 48)

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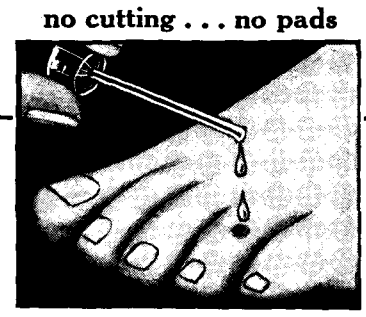

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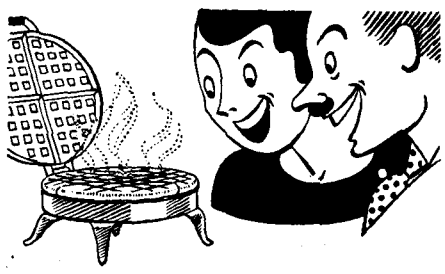

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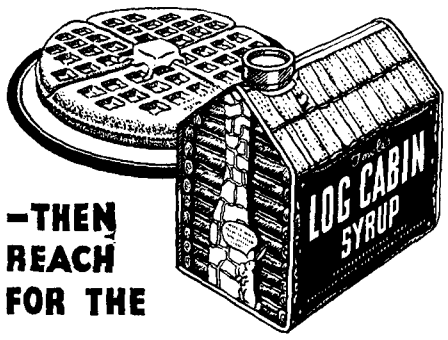

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(Continued from page 47)

Walt Amos said. "Feeling is sure running pretty high in Inspiration. But there's going to be no necktie parties out of my jail. When I let you walk out of Inspiration, day before yesterday, it wasn't because I didn't think I could hold the jail; it was because I didn't want to have to shoot into any mob of cowmen. But I think they understand about that now. I promise you this: if ever it comes to a pinch, I'll give you your guns."

Now Dunn answered him at last, and Wheeler saw that somehow, in the course of the night, the old man had been able to prepare himself for this thing. "When you want to move out?" he asked.

"I'd like to get on back as soon as you're ready, Dunn. Only, first I'll have to ask your leave to take a look around this place. I've got a search warrant for that, if you want to see it."

"Go ahead and search your head off."

"Give me your keys, and you folks stay here."

"There ain't any keys to anything around here."

THE sheriff crossed the dusty space between the cook shack and the ranch-house, and disappeared in the house. And they waited. Horse Dunn sat impassive, except for that persistent smolder deep in his eyes; but neither Marian nor Billy Wheeler would have wanted to speak to him then.

And now out of a trail that wound through the tall buckbrush back of the layout a rider came. Tulare Callahan rode directly to the cook shack gallery and swung down. "Where's the sheriff?" he asked in an undertone.

"He's ransacking the dump," Dunn said in a flat voice.

"I seen him come in," said Tulare, "and I lay out to see what was the play. Horse, I've seen Lon Magoon!"

"Tulare, are you sure?"

"We only sighted him far off on a high ridge at better'n a mile. But, Horse, I knew him as sure as I know my name. His horse looked like that good sorrel of ours we call Brandy. We signed him to come and talk, but he sloped. We took out after him hell for leather—Steve Hurley's trying to trail him yet but he got loose about four miles up the Tamale Vine. I knew you was looking for the sheriff; and I thought you might want to know this, if you was still here."

"Thanks, Tulare. Tell you what you do. Take—"

They were interrupted by the approach of the sheriff, who came toward them now from the house. "There's just a couple things I got to take back with us, Dunn," he said apologetically. "I got to take them three shotguns of yours, and your shell-loading outfit, with all the powder and shot. And naturally I got to take Magoon's saddle."

"Make free with anything you please," Dunn said, without expression.

"You taking us all in, Amos?" Tulare asked.

"I guess just one will be plenty, this trip, Callahan."

"Amos," said Horse Dunn, "I'm going to have to ask for a little more time."

THE sheriff looked doubtful. "Well, I don't suppose an hour or two—"

"Amos," said Dunn, "from the first, you've played into the hands of the people that are against the 94. That's your lookout, if you want to do that; I don't figure to make any trouble for you in any way. But I got to have today and tomorrow to put my affairs straight. You give me thirty hours and I give you my word I'll go with you tomorrow night."

Sheriff Amos studied him, and appeared to consider for a long time. "I want to be fair, Dunn," he said. "Public opinion is awful strong against you—stronger than is reasonable, in a way. This isn't an easy thing for me to do."

"Tomorrow night," Dunn said stubbornly.

"Tomorrow night, then," the sheriff agreed at last.

HORSE DUNN watched the dust of the sheriff's car settle reluctantly upon the dry flats until he was sure Walt Amos was on his way.

"Saddle up," he ordered. "Get a fresh horse, Tulare."

Out at the corrals they roped square-built, hill-running ponies.

"Horse," Billy said, "how big a fool is Magoon?"

"Magoon's a queer one, all right. If it weren't for that I'd say he must be clear of the killings, or why ain't he in Mexico by now? But he hasn't got all of his buckles—and that's a break for us. Because we sure need to catch us a witness."

Tulare put in, his mouth full of bread and meat he had grabbed from the kitchen, "Witness, hell! I bet he shotgunned Flagg himself, for the dough he had on him. He probably sold Flagg the horse and saddle in Pahranagat, then rode along with him, waiting his chance. Then later he downed Cayuse because Cayuse caught up to him. Get it?"

"I can't swaller any set-up that doesn't show the Link Bender crowd at the bottom of it," Horse Dunn said flatly.

"Even that fits in," Tulare insisted. "I bet it was them tipped off Magoon on the dough Flagg was toting."

"Then who threw that rifle shot in here night before last?" Wheeler objected.

"Maybe Magoon did. Ain't I said he was crazy?"

"You figure he's packing a rifle and a shotgun, both?"

"Might be carrying four or five guns, and a kitchen stove too. When a guy's nuts, all rules is off."

Dunn grunted. "Best bet we've got is grab this cow thief and see if he yells. We'll try, anyway." He jerked tight his latigo. "Here's what we do: Tulare, you got the fastest horse. You circle to the head of the Tamale Vine, by way of the upper bench, and try to beat Magoon to the pass. If you see Steve send him southwest through that runt timber. If Magoon goes out that way he'll water his horse at that little lake on the other side."

"Most likely Steve was drawed over into Mormon Crater."

"Then I'll find him, because that's where I'm going. Billy, you strike northwest into the point country. There's a bare chance that Magoon will skirt along the foothills, picking a pass north of where we're figuring on. Get yourself a good, high lookout, and camp there until tomorrow."

"This is as good a try as any," Tulare approved.

"Then let 'er buck! And if either of you meet up with Marian, you send her home a-packing. Billy, leave word with Tia Cara where we've gone." He put his horse out of the layout at a sharp jog, Tulare beside him.

Wheeler held back long enough to urge his horse to drink, and get himself a canteen; then he also struck out, northward, along the outer edge of the brush. Two hours before dusk he took his post on a high, rocky point far to the north of the 94. He hid his horse, sprawled with his back against a hot rock, and swept the rolling country. Quickly his eye picked out the trails a rider would follow in moving from the Tamale Vine toward the northwest passes; in all that vast visible range he could find no mounted man, and nothing moved on the trails he watched.

Dusk came on, cool and clear and utterly still, and after a long time the twilight faded, slowly giving way to the faint light of appearing stars, and Wheeler had sighted no one. An hour before dawn he was watching again, awaiting the first light. But morning showed only the same vast, empty range; and three hours after sun-up he knew he must give it up.

He saddled his pony and dropped down from his lookout. One by one he sought out and examined the trails he had picked as the ones Magoon might use. Still he found no sign; and he at last turned toward the 94, disgusted. It was deep into the afternoon by the time his thirst-fretted pony brought him in.

MARIAN came running out to him as he unsaddled.

"In heaven's name," said Wheeler, "where were you yesterday?"

"I was out with my horse—what of it? When's Uncle John coming back?"

"He'll be back by tonight; he gave Amos his word. Steve and Tulare sighted Lon Magoon up—"

"Tia Cara told me all that. But look here—where in the world are they hunting for him now? I've ridden all over these hills back here and never saw a sign of them."

"They're probably hunting a little farther than you went."

"Then," she said, "they're hunting too far away! Because I'm sure I saw Lon Magoon—not more than three hours ago."

Much riding and the heat of the day had made Wheeler drowsy, but now he snapped sharply away. "What did he look like?"

"A scraggly little man with a rifle in

"Stop calling, Mr. McNinney! You win all the prizes.
I say, Mr. McNinney, stop calling! You win!"

Frank Owen

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his hands; he was on a good sorrel with a blaze face and one white leg."

"Good Lord! Did he see you?"

"I don't think so. After he was out of sight I got back here as fast as I could. I thought nobody was ever going to come."

"I guess—can you find the place where he was?"

"Of course."

It cost fresh ponies an hour's hard work to take them to the place where Marian had seen the armed rider; yet Wheeler was astonished. The 94 riders were casting wide, blocking off distant passes—and if Marian was right, Magoon had doubled back to take cover almost under their own roof. Marian led Billy to a vast, V-cut gulch, in a country heavy with desert juniper and scrub oak.

"He was riding down here, headed west. I was in those upper ledges."

IN THE broad canyon the ground was flinty, but in the bottom a slender ribbon of gravelly sand wound a crooked course, marking the run-off of last winter's rains. Working up-canyon, Wheeler presently found what he was after: the trail of a horse crossing a twist in the sands of the vanished creek.

"Marian—you sure seem to have done what stopped us all! Can you read that trail?"

"No."

"A tired horse, unshod, ridden over rocks for three, four days; trying to hurry, plugging along steadily, and straight—"

He let his voice trail off. Some isolated memory from far back was troubling him, trying to make itself known.

Suddenly he remembered. "There's some sort of old shelter up here—some fool mining man had it once. There's a little water there, not much good, and stock can't get at it; riders don't go through there once a year. Marian, if I can work this right—we've got him!"

"He has nearly three hours' start, Billy."

"But his horse is close to played out. He'll figure to hide out up there and rest. If I can come on him before dark I can catch him in a straight run."

Marian's eyes shone with a queer, fearful light. "Now? Tonight?"

"Right now—within the seven miles."

"You *will* be careful—won't you?"

"Sure. By the time you get to the ranch your uncle should be back."

"By the time *I* get back?"

"Of course—he told Amos he'd be back. Tell him to send somebody with a fresh led horse. I'm going to—"

"But I'm not going back."

He stared at her a moment. "You sure are going back! What are you talking about?"

"I found this trail," she said with an odd, tremulous stubbornness, "and I mean to follow it out."

"Look here, Marian! This man is mixed up somehow with the killing of Bob Flagg. He may even be guilty himself. For all we know, he'll fight like a cornered wolf."

"I'm going on," she said again.

Wheeler saw that the girl was grave, nervous. He said suddenly, "Are you afraid to ride back alone?"

"If you were going back, I would still go up this trail."

"In God's name, Marian, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing's the matter with me."

She was pale and quiet, and she sat very still in her saddle; but, strangely, he thought he had never seen her more alive. Suddenly it seemed to him that a great, unsuspected strength linked this girl to the desert hills; that behind it perhaps lay fires he had never seen.

For a moment it seemed to him that there was nothing he could do. In the face of an immediate necessity he found himself helpless. Then it occurred to him that there might, after all, be one way, only one. His mouth and eyes set hard, and he kicked his pony sideways, close to hers.

"You think I can't send you out of this?" he said.

He leaned out of his saddle and with one arm clamped her hard against him. With the other hand he turned her face upward; and he kissed her mouth, certain that she would ride with him no farther.

For a moment she was motionless except that he felt a sharp quiver run through her body, and her lips trembled under his. Since the first—only—time he had kissed her, two years ago, he had thought that he could never forget the soft warmth of her lips, the fragile resilience of her slim body; but now the actuality of the girl in his arms half stunned him, she had been as untouchable as a dream for so long. He thought he swayed in the saddle, and the twilight about them turned suddenly dark and unreal. A strand of her fine hair touched his eyes, lightly as the touch of a breath; he felt the faint pulsation of her heart. He did not know that his arm tightened about her so that she almost cried out in pain.

Then her body twisted and she struck spurs to her pony, so that he had to release her to avoid dragging her out of the saddle. His voice shook with the curbed pressure of an emotion he mistook for anger as he said savagely, "Now go on back!"

She sat a little apart from him, and her pony stood head high, very shaky from the sharp unsteadiness of her hand upon the curb. She said, "I suppose that's the bitterest thing that ever happened to me. Can't you ever do anything but hurt and destroy and break up?"

"Will you go back?" he said between his teeth.

"No! I most certainly will not!"

Her voice was repressed, but there was smoky fire in her eyes, and the upward twitch of her eyebrows as she spoke out of her anger was strangely suggestive of Horse Dunn. He looked her in the eyes, and he knew that he could in no way bend her will. A great sense of fatalism overcame him. Without a word he turned his pony's head up the gulch.

He put his horse into the soundless sand of the dry stream, and pressed into a shuffling jog; and they rode for a long time, while the slow twilight deepened. Once as he swung crosswise in his saddle to turn to Marian, he caught her brushing tears from her cheeks with her gloved fingers.

He said in a low voice, "If a gun cracks, go to the ground, and take any cover there is."

THEY plugged along another mile, while the canyon narrowed. The light was failing fast.

Marian whispered, "Billy!"

He stopped his horse and she came up, stirrup to stirrup. Her eyes were fixed on the high south rim of the gulch. She said almost inaudibly, "There's a rider up there. I saw him cross between those rabbit-ear rocks."

They sat still for a long minute, listening. The gash in the rocks that Marian indicated was no more than a hundred yards away on a high-angled line, and the dusk was very still, but Wheeler could detect no least sound of a walking horse.

"It must have been a trick of the light," Wheeler said.

"Billy, I saw him as plainly as I see you here, now."

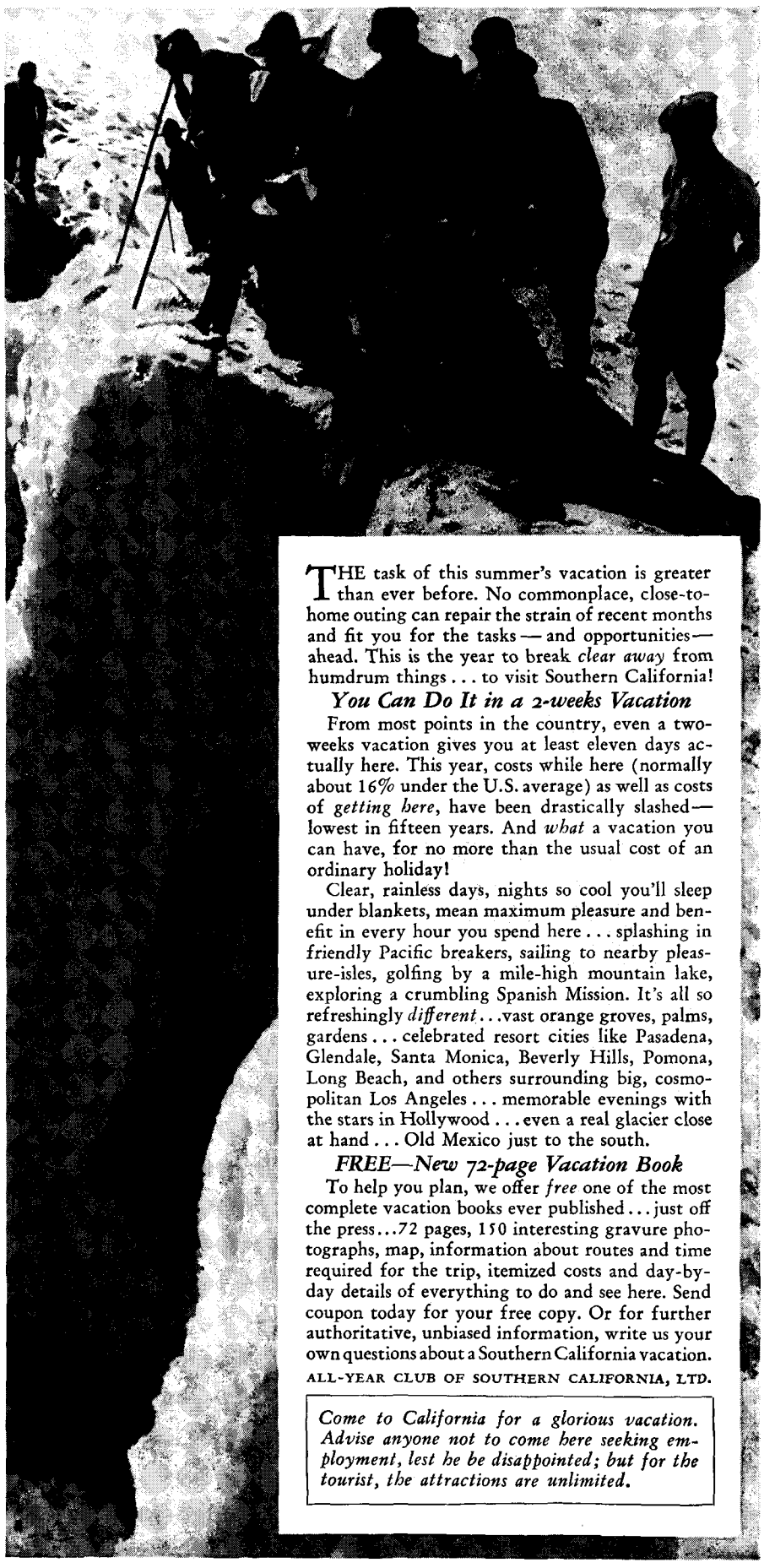
He hesitated a moment more, then stepped to the ground.

"Hold my pony," he said to her.

(To be continued next week)

No ordinary vacation will do, *this* summer

YOU NEED THIS COMPLETE CHANGE



THE task of this summer's vacation is greater than ever before. No commonplace, close-to-home outing can repair the strain of recent months and fit you for the tasks — and opportunities — ahead. This is the year to break *clear away* from humdrum things . . . to visit Southern California!

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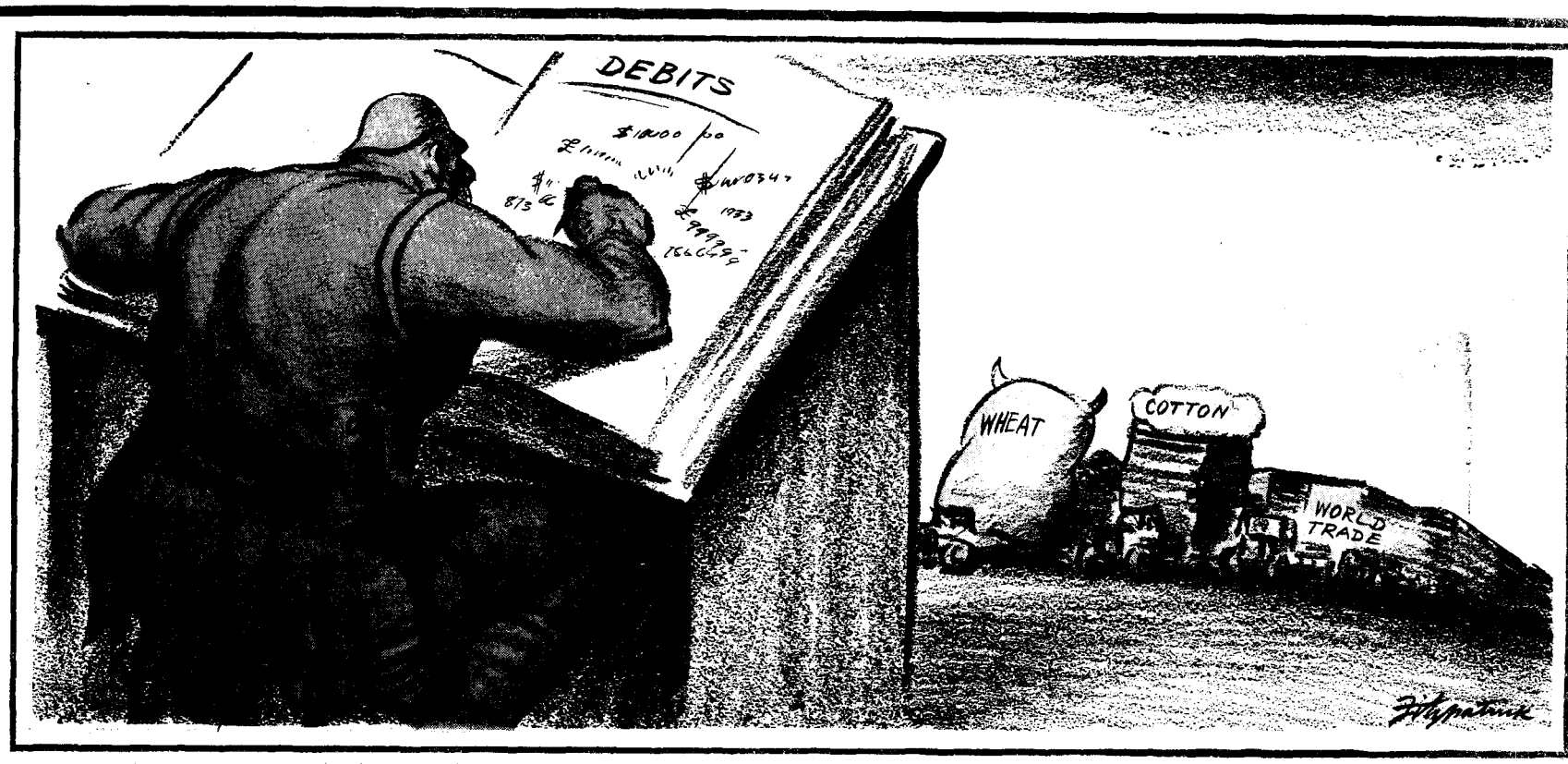

What's World Trade worth to You?

THE war debts will unquestionably be revised. Our own banking troubles deferred for a time any attempt at settlements, but settlements must be made. Last December Mr. Hoover and the old Congress could not agree and so nothing was done. The mid-year payments now are not far away and once more the issue has to be faced.

There is also a much clearer understanding in this country of the part which the debts have played in the business depression. Yankee horse sense is asserting itself in a new willingness to write off bad debts if by so doing business can be made more prosperous. The appeal to intelligent self-interest in debt reductions has won many adherents.

The more practically we consider the debts the easier it becomes to arrive at a settlement.

Let's see how much the total cancellation of the debts would cost us. Altogether our debtors were to pay us nearly two hundred and seventy million dollars on account this year. This is a large sum but ours is a large country.

Look at the matter from the standpoint of the individual taxpayer and the money involved becomes much smaller.

Suppose the debts were entirely cancelled. Taxes would be increased among the states in proportion to the Federal taxes now paid. The per capita cost of cancellation to the people of the fifteen states listed below would be:

Illinois	$3.01
Indiana	.79
Iowa	.54
Kansas	.95
California	2.15
Mississippi	.10
Arkansas	.13
Texas	.72
North Carolina	.58
South Carolina	.14
New York	6.47
New Jersey	2.34
Massachusetts	2.62
Pennsylvania	2.42
Connecticut	2.89

These figures are based on the estimate that $250,000,000 might be paid in one year. The significant thing about them is that the Eastern states, such as New York, which would pay the largest part, are most favorable to debt revision. The explanation is that the Atlantic states are most active in foreign trade.

The selfish argument for debt revision is that it would improve prices and stimulate business. Suppose, for example, that cotton increased in price just 2½ cents a pound after a debt settlement. Using the 1931 crop as an actual measure this would amount to $213,000,000.

Any considerable rise in cotton prices would bring us as much as we lost in a debt settlement. An advance of 20 cents a bushel in wheat, even on a highly restricted crop, would add another $130,000,000 to our national income.

Cotton and wheat prices are fixed by world conditions. If Europe has little buying power, prices will be low. If Europe prospers, our prices will be higher. Many other commodities will be affected.

A very moderate general rise in prices would increase our national income by billions. It is entirely reasonable to suggest, as Senator Borah did, that for every dollar we lose on account of the war debts we may gain ten dollars in better prices and more active business.

This is the sound economic justification of a debt settlement. We write the debts off as much as is necessary because it is profitable for us to do so. We are being selfish but intelligently selfish.

It is interesting to remember in this connection that England adopted precisely this policy and for the same reasons at the end of the Napoleonic wars. Great Britain wrote off those war debts in order to make larger profits for British industry. History proved the wisdom of the policy.

Other considerations are also involved in the war debts. Great Britain is off the gold standard because the debts were not settled. The value of the pound can't and won't be fixed until new debt agreements are made.

Uncertainty concerning the value of the pound disturbs business everywhere. In endless ways we are unfavorably affected. Most of all, farm prices are depressed.

The truth of the matter is that the very states which oppose any settlement of the debts on terms considered reasonable by our debtors stand to make most by a proper settlement. The Middle West has been most hostile to reduction and yet the Middle West stands to gain more than any other section except the South from improved farm prices.

The debts, however, will be revised downward rather than cancelled. For the concessions we yield, our representatives will ask concrete advantages. Alfred E. Smith suggested that we seek definite trade agreements. Modifications of tariffs will unquestionably be sought. Quota restrictions aimed at excluding American manufacturers can be lifted. The Ottawa trade agreements may be modified. Altogether there is a vast opportunity to obtain very solid trade benefits in exchange for debt revision.

President Roosevelt has been magnificently supported in his courageous and vigorous handling of the banking situation. The same cordial understanding and appreciation of his energetic policies so far shown will, if continued, make it possible for him to eliminate these overhanging debts issues which have menaced our economic well-being since the very close of the World War.

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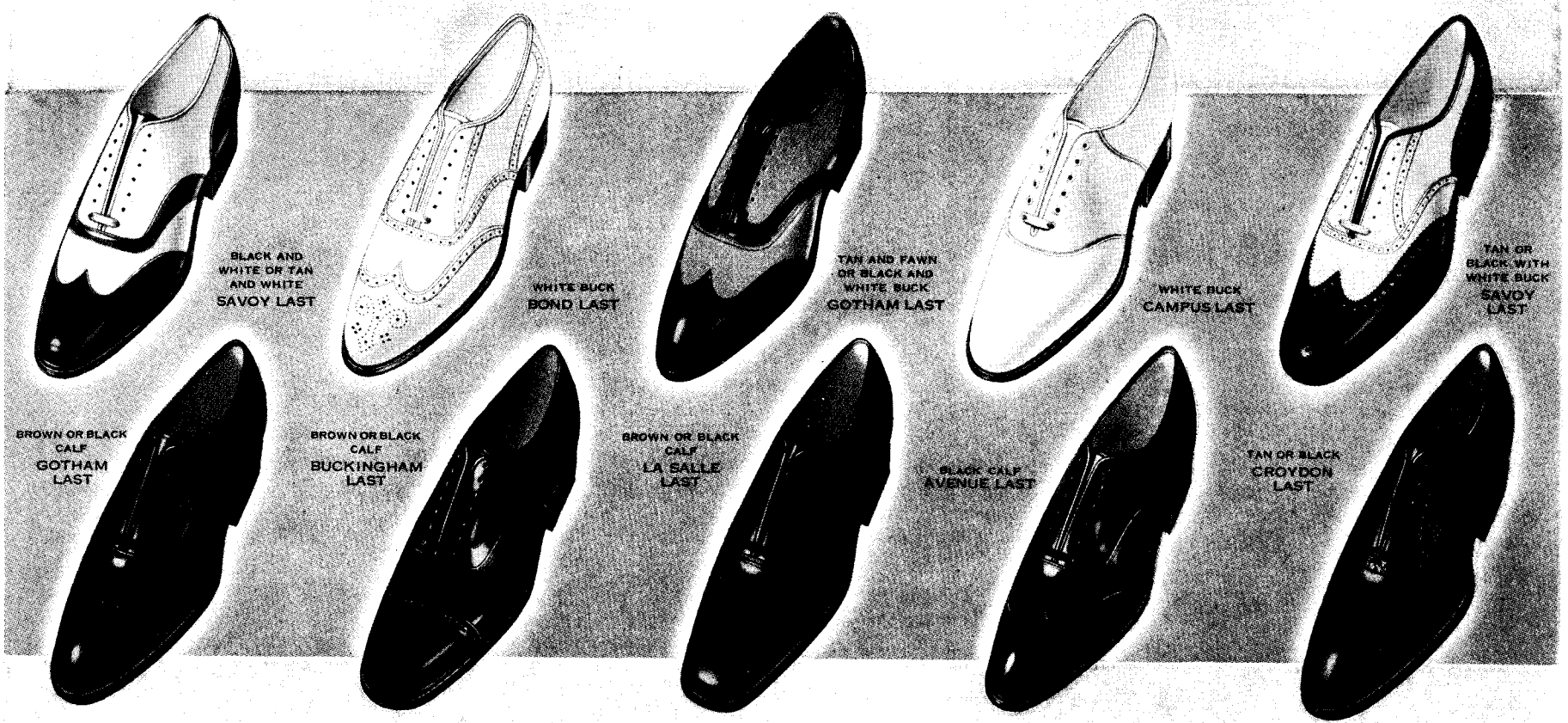
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BURNING OVEN

STEAKS COOK BUT THE MAN LIVES..

ILLUSION:

A roaring fire was built in an oven... the temperature rose to 600° F. Into the oven walked the "fire" king, M. Chabert, carrying several raw steaks. A few minutes later the doors were flung wide and out he stepped... safe and sound ...with the steaks thoroughly cooked.

EXPLANATION:

Heat rises. When Chabert entered the oven he hung the steaks *above* the fire, then dropped to the floor at the *side*, covering his head with a hood made from his shirt. He breathed through small air holes in the floor.

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"The Burning Oven" is an old illusion which has played a leading rôle in cigarette advertising. Its modern name is "Heat Treatment."

EXPLANATION: All cigarette manufacturers use the heat-treating process.

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